

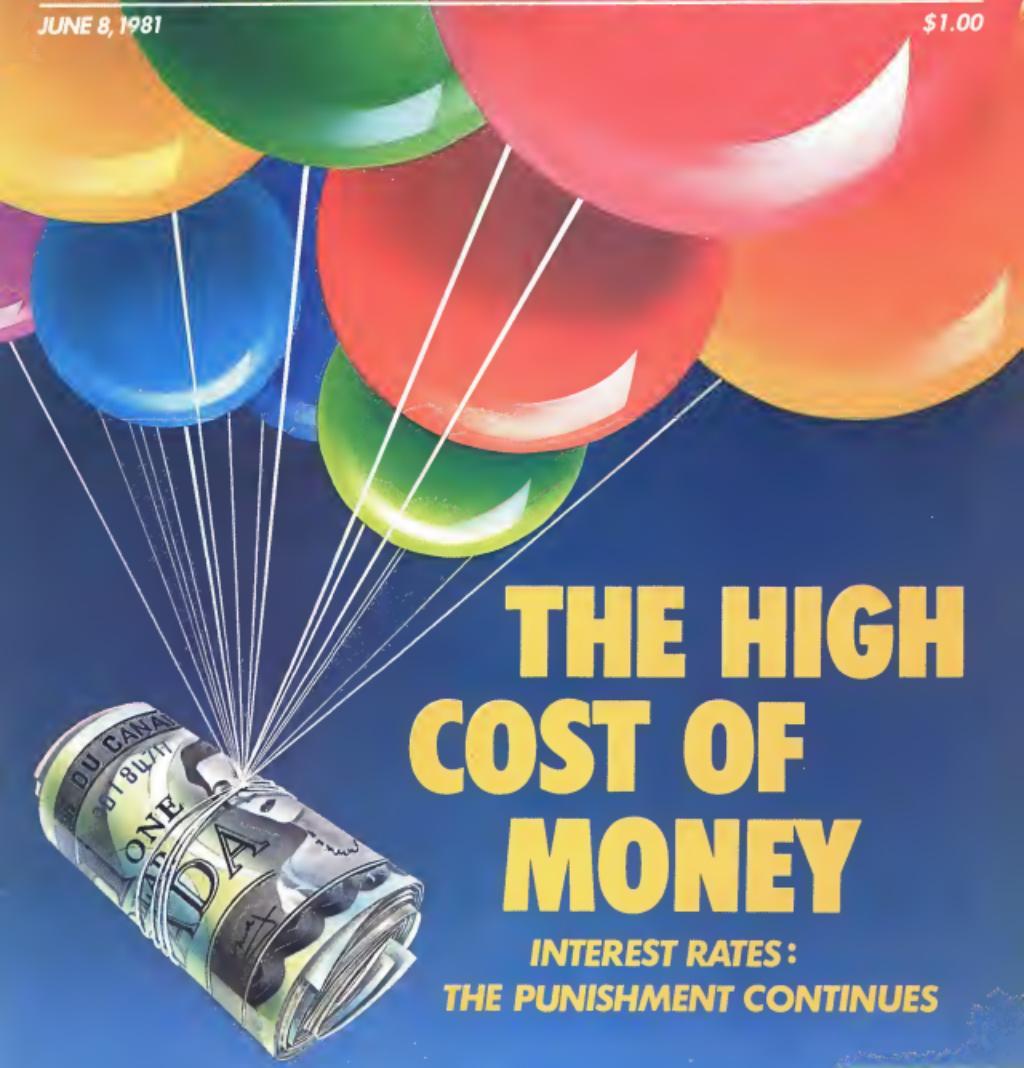
SPAIN
DEATH OF
DEMOCRACY

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 8, 1981

\$1.00



THE HIGH COST OF MONEY

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Maclean's

■ COVER STORY

The high cost of money
Last week, after nine consecutive weekly increases, pushing interest rates far beyond levels once believed sustainable in Canada, the central bank rate moved off. But it was only comfort to people such as Nova Scotian Robert Martin, who has been forced to sell most of his stable because interest rates of 35% per year cost more interest charges of more than \$80,000 a year. Does the cure for inflation have to be so harsh? —Peter H. Smith



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A class act

The gas room schoolkids in doing fine in the Northern Ontario village of Hanney — Page 11



Mid-life crossover

At 64, Greek soprano Nana Mouskouri turns her hand to country and western music. —Photo by



Third in the night

So far no one can stop Montreal Expos rookie Tim Raines from streaking home. —Steve B.



Death of *Amesia*

In Spain there is a growing conviction that democracy is drawing to a close. — Page 39

A grain by any other name

Wheatbakers are always interested in foreign grain sales such as the recent sale to the USSR. (May 9, *Box the West Doesn't*, Canada, May 11). The facts may prove Mr. Radka correct when he says, "the problem isn't marketing grain, but finding enough of it to move." I can assure you, however, that if present there is still some wheat in the West, which - when it is necessary to see a picture of a barley field above the caption "Capitalist wheat?"

—D.M. WATSON
Regina

Public privacy

With all the fuss being made by the press, one would think Béatrice King had committed a crime. (People, May 11). Instead, something happened in her private life, not particularly scandalous, and neither involving the public nor the game of tennis. It certainly in no way diminishes her outstanding achievements, nor will it overshadow them in the annals of those of us who have admired her.

—CAROLINE L. MICHAIL
Barrydale, B.C.

Tomorrow is always a day away

If we need to curb borrowing all we need do is insist on mandatory continuous deposit payments of 10 cents, 20 cents, etc., with reward savings being 100% (Ed./Letters, *Business*, May 16). People are borrowing more than ever because they believe that tomorrow will only be worse. And they are usually

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Capitalist barley? at present still seems green in the West

Right: The only benefit of high interest rates, in spite of anything entertainment may be, that the banks are probably making as much money as the oil companies

—HENRY J. DICK
Kingsville, Ont.

Breathe deep

Year article *The Spread of Silent Spring* (Canada, May 18) is a reflection of the same disquiet expressed in B.C. Public alarm is at a record high. Thank God for people like Banou de Jong and Peter von Storchberg who are more interested in the quality of life than the use of their pocketbooks

—LUCILLE HANOTOK
Shuswap, B.C.

Home is where the dollar is

It's nice to see some of Canada's culture acknowledged by our own magazine (Downside of the Highway, *People*, May 11), though we could do more, maybe a lot more, of it. For what Jay Fiddling says is true, Canada does seem to encourage our artists. Why is it that one cannot become famous at home? It's high time we start appreciating our artists for their efforts and achievements

—JANICE LUCAS
Great Falls, Mont.

Beat the press

Clarification is required of the reference to Walter Stewart in your article *Covering Parliament in the Midwest* (Cover, May 11). The Kim Committee requested my appearance in Ottawa. I did not "walk into the arms" of Stewart to be "persuaded to sing for him." Had that been my purpose I could have much more conveniently taken part in the Royal Commission on Newspapers hearings several months earlier in Victoria. During 30 years in the newspaper field I had the privilege of working closely with scores of young journalists. It was in the interest of their careers I agreed to attend the Ottawa hearing.

—COLIN MCNAUL
Victoria, B.C.

You gained Vancouver Sun editor-publisher Stuart Keate as saying, "The press of Canada is infinitely better today than it was 20 years ago. It is more honest . . ." Keate could have added that the honest men in the editorial rooms are not the editors, but the lawyers who must screen slanted stories before they hit print. Ha ha, perhaps *Factum*, not!

—EDUARDO CANA
Thetford, Que.

Your article skipped over the really interesting story. The newspaper chain seems to be doing very well at paying their trade, but meanwhile, encouraged in part by more and more tabloid newspapers, Canadians are becoming more and more literate, albeit in a highly educated way. To illustrate today's mass information overload and the limited insensitivity of persons to analyse and offer thoughtful criticism, I am at nothing but despair for those who believe that an informed and confident citizenry is even possible when media lack diversity, autonomy and integrity in their own right.

—GORDON PEARS
Edmonton

Can the centre hold?

Congratulations to Maclean's for its evocative presentation of the various view of Barbara Amiel, reviews by such writers as Lawrence O'Toole and Mark Askey and the fresh sounds blasting from Silver Donald Cameron's defunct as Cape Breton. In a country named by politics and the power concentrations of governments, with such east and other east passed out by bureaucracy, such writing may remind us that we are walking, talking, thinking Canadians in a country that is ours. People at the centre may think they own it, but they don't.

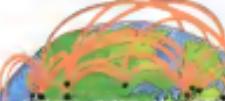
—ELIAN CAMPBELL
Regina

Letters are off and may be continued. Please address them to the editor, with the place name and correspondence to Letters in the *Editor*, Maclean's magazine, 42 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5J 1A7.



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Adrift in never-never land

"We grow old slipping back from the verge of maturity"

By Mavor Moore

Today's newspaper quotes yet another uncle telling us, with no trace of irony, that "he is a young country." Excuse, excuses! Blame, maybe, but hardly young. How long can we go on, like some horses, blissing our reluctance to grow up as a sufficient adolescence? Of course youth is a flattering alibi for the immature. Absolved of responsibility, they can ignore their past, impede the progress to others and spin webs about the future. Our Canadian habit of postponing graduation is often attributed to a sense of failure, to conservatism or survival. I think it's caused by ambivalence. If more Canadians knew more of their own history they would see how disingenuous it has been a series of promising starts unfinished, of exploited advantages, of collapsed reassurances—all feeding the illusion that the more recent is the first. We grow old slipping back from the verge of maturity.

Our native peoples had a rich inheritance that the European settlers denigrated. In turn the newcomers quickly developed a sophisticated culture of their own. Montreal had orchestras and choirs while New York was still a back town. Halfway a theater before Boston has soon our cities became more than on the U.S. coasts, and theaters, circuits, Press, radio, went to the populated parts, again and again. We have often been in the vanguard of science and technology—telecommunications, aircraft, medicine, film, radio, electronics—only to abandon the highroad and sink to our best brains and talent sought more hospitable pastures. As the 20th century began, Lester B. Pearson observed that it "belongs to Canada." But by 1967 the chief publication for Expo, Montreal's world fair, confessed, "The first, and perhaps last, thing was to convert Canadians that we could do it. Without that, how could we sell it outside Canada?"

Since then we have managed to mount another resurgence—the biggest yet. The current flowering of our arts and communications holds two priceless promises. It is a heaven-sent means of getting closer together when so many forces drive us apart, and it is giving us an unprecedented status in the eyes of the world. Are we about to blow it again? There is dismaying evidence that the old hang-ups are still at work. The Myth of Our Preoccupied Forefathers, too busy pulling up carrots to create culture, if that were true it didn't stop the Americans—but it isn't true. The Myth of Others' Guilt, whereby we lip our greening poms on the imperial British, the neighborly French, the pushy Americans or almighty God. Or we fall back on the small Market Myth, which says that no matter how brilliant our products are, we have neither a sufficient market nor the ingenuity to find one. The Japanese, as we

know, do not believe that myth.

Then there's the Myth of the Golden Age, in which, as W. B. Gilbert put it, "Art stopped short in the enlightened court of the Empress Josephine." If that fails to intimidate our artists, there's always the Mediterranean for Hollywood! Myth: modern culture radiates outward from here where all creative spirits, including ours, should go. You know the Myth of Internationalism? It rules out of court anything we do among ourselves, dispenses publicity as "university" and homogeneousness as "uniqueness," and allows the peddlars of banal culture to pass on the parades of eternal truth. Or the Myth of Nationalism? It advises us to don a stinkjacket (home-made), the better to demonstrate our native agility. These are twin fallacies, setting forces us to choose between jumping on the bandwagon and playing solitaire. But there's also the Myth of Conformism, where the freedom to express independent genius is outlawed. It excuses us from making anything ourselves and justifies the profit others make doing it for us. It will certainly keep us young—and dependent.

But the grandfather—still very much alive—the Myth of Our Own Homeland: "We put first things first in this country," a lawyer once told me as he declined to invest in a film. Or, as so many Canadian leaders say today, "The country comes first." When we print our country's name on our shirts, we believe that. The world's travel spots—radiating us—are all too clearly those where cultural tensions are trapping, where people are fighting for the chance to develop their own society in their own time, in their own way.

But a society's rate of development depends on the share of its resources that it devotes to creation, invention and education. These are not the frills but the foundation of everything else. They define us as they define the civilization we pass on to our children. And what are we doing about it? Our federal government spends less than two per cent of its budget on all cultural affairs—combined—the arts, social scientific research and communications—while the provinces cut back on their education budgets. This is realism?

"When we think of reality in terms of what we be rumpled," says the Canadian sage Northrop Frye, "we find that we need a model or imaginative vision of what we are trying to do." When we were trying to build the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts in Toronto, city budget chief Allan Lamport gave classic expression to the old myth: "It's all very well for the people to have imaginary ideas but we haven't got enough money to have imagination!" God help us if we cannot find it. We shall the young.

Mavor Moore is professor of theatre at York University in Toronto and chairman of the Canada Council.



Bobbi Binks still actively involved at Woodhouse Cellars 60 years after her first vintage.



Grape pickers at work at Hunter Valley Hill, NSW.



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Australian Wines have never been shy at picking up prizes. During 1969 alone, Australian wines took 3 international honours. The quality



Facing the blue water threat

At a time when the USSR is rapidly building up its fleet of the *blue water* fleet, is war imminent and East-West tensions are intensifying, Admiral Harry Train, 65, the chief of the U.S. Navy's naval warfare division, is in charge of the aircraft carrier's naval command. In September, Alfred Comptroller, Albie Harry D. Train, II, a four-star admiral who has been in the service since he graduated from Annapolis in 1938. An aviator and amphibious off-American type, complete with *lockets* and *loquid* grin, he talks as prettily as a professor discussing his prospects for tenure. But the subject of his discourse is world-wide. He was recently interviewed at his headquarters in Norfolk, Va., by MacLean's Editor Peter G. Newmark.

MacLean's: Your command is responsible for safe-guarding 12 million square miles of ocean, stretching across the Atlantic and from the North Pole to the Tropic of Cancer. Do you feel that Canada, which has the lowest defense expenditures in NATO (except for Luxembourg and Portugal), is living up to its maritime commitments?

Train: I'm reasonably confident that Canada is committed to the basic principle that when you engage in an alliance which provides the benefit of collective security and you're enjoying the advantages of not having to spend as much to ensure your own safety, you incur the obligation to provide a reasonable contribution to that alliance. The basic concept is a sensible one. Canada fits into the collective security of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to exactly the same way that the United States fits in, which is that the U.S., Canada and to a lesser extent Iceland constitute that element of NATO that I describe as its "Atlanticist" [without which the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is nothing more than a group of Euro-group nations].

MacLean's: What do your home strengths, and how does it fit in?

Train: The aircraft carrier is the heart and soul of the U.S. Navy and the heart

and soul of Western maritime capability. The aircraft carrier is a very expensive weapons system. It requires an enormous investment to provide the 5,000 sailors required to man it and then the operation. It also takes an enormous investment in the other elements of the fleet to provide as a carrier battle group that enables other ships to give the aircraft carrier its true fighting capability. They are guided missile cruisers, destroyers, subma-

reys, heavy frigates, and destroyers. The aircraft carrier is in that sort of war context, it's a likely role to lead a brief and decisive conflict that what we do and how we do that must be different.

Train: A short war context is one of the rationales that the *blue water* carrier adapts. Admittedly, the less sophisticated analysts might reason that war means war, and as such it doesn't matter how hard we work to defend ourselves. In large, it's hard to make a rational case for the increased physical security of the United States and Canada being at risk, but there's more to security than the physical security of the states or provinces of Canada and the United States. Our security also takes the form of protecting the continued functioning of our economy, and that in turn depends upon the continued ability to import energy and raw materials as well as the continued ability to do business with our trading partners, predominantly in Western Europe. We cannot function without the ability to use the seas.

MacLean's: At the moment, are the two sides in balance?

Train: I'd say that NATO, taken as a whole, has a very slight, barely discernible edge over the nations of the Warsaw pact. The United States standing alone does not.

MacLean's: Soviet objectives are not much different from the earlier period of empire in the 18th century when Peter the Great commented, "I am not looking for land, I am looking for men." How do you see Soviet maritime strategy changing?

Train: They have been an enormous shift. They have been a land-carrying, overland blue water world-and-vanishing away today. They are no longer the defensive force that they were, or the force that attached the fleet to their shores; they now support the dictates of their political leadership with maritime power very well. The thing that is extremely significant in all of this is they don't need it. We need it, they don't.

MacLean's: Why don't they need it? Do you mean they're duplicating what they already have on land?

Train: They don't need to use the sea. Un-



'We have to demonstrate the capability of mounting a deterrent to the Soviets,'

comes and the mobile logistics support vessels. So much, however, while the areas of war-time security understand. We look to our allies to provide focus to our naval strength ships that are forward and supporting Europe and continuing to have a trade on which our economies and our industries depend and to fight the antisubmarine warfare [that] we're in the areas such as the Greenland-Iceland-U.K. gap.

MacLean's: You're apart from the fact that many Conservative believe the U.S. would prevent us if the rest of us [the other argument] being used against

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life were, they are self-sufficient in energy, they are self-sufficient in raw materials and under any predictable set of circumstances they don't have to worry.

MacLean's: What is the most dangerous aspect of the Soviet war-time buildup?

Travis: The Kirov, first of a class of new battle cruisers, should become fully operational by the end of this year. Excluding their aircraft carriers, that is the largest surface combatant built by the Soviets in their modernization program. The Kirov is about 300 meters long with an estimated displacement of 30,000 tons. It is nuclear-powered and is equipped with a new family of weapons which could allow it to survive in the massive air environment of the '80s and '90s. These large submarine fleet continues to improve its quality. We expect that, today, the Soviet could put 100 ships in the Atlantic, at the corner of 100 ships, somewhere between 70 and 100 attack submarines. To put that in perspective, the German Navy at the end of the Second World War had a total of 27 submarines, 27 of which were ships when war started, and we saw the horror they caused. During the Second World War, we had a total of 100 of two anti-submarine ships for every German submarine. Today, there are roughly two Soviet attack submarines for every ASW ship.

MacLean's: When do you expect the peak danger period to come?

Travis: By 1985 or 1986, that's when the Soviets will have 37 brand new capital

ships on the high seas, exceeding the number of modern vessels any nation in the free world possesses.

MacLean's: Will the new Reagan defense budget allow you to catch up?

Travis: We're not going to get there by 1986. We can do certain things that would stretch our capability, such as the reactivation of existing battlecruisers and aircraft carriers. Those ships will allow us to function with the Soviets that we have while we are waiting to build the large-deck nuclear-powered aircraft carriers that will bring us up to a level of 35 carriers from 12 and build a balanced navy of 600 ships to go around the world. We try to have as few gaps as possible, but we are not completely possible in the possession of the frigates, destroyers and submarines. We look to the allies to give us an overall balance, so that our 400 ship gap, which the Reagan administration target, is negated entirely with a supporting force, including Canada.

MacLean's: U.S. Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger recently announced to observe a gold committee of 100 experts for the use of U.S. troops overseas. What's your view on areas outside the alliance's traditional areas of jurisdiction, mainly in the defense of Middle East and South Africa? How can you handle this adequately?

Travis: NATO will not attack the Warsaw part, the Soviets know that. We know that. That's a given. Now, if the Warsaw pact attacks say, no, to NATO, the Third World War will result. The Soviets know that. We know that. There-

fore, the situation in the central front and even on the flanks of NATO is fairly stable. There is a bone fide deterrent existing. We do not think the Soviets are willing to accept the Third World War today. However, if the nations of the alliance are denied access to their energy sources in the Middle East the consequences to them can be as severe as if their countries were invaded. At the moment, the U.S., the U.K. and France are in effect protecting access to oil on the part of all of the allies in alliance, including Canada. When the U.S. moved its carrier battle group out of the Mediterranean into the Indian Ocean, all of the member nations were very supportive.

MacLean's: I know that one of your major concerns has always been the defense of strategic "choke points" or most strategic locations as the Strait of Hormuz, the Strait of Malacca, the Persian Strait (in Africa), the Strait of Gibraltar and the Bosphorus. Do you consider the instability of El Salvador a key way threatening the use of the Panama Canal as an essential choke point?

Travis: El Salvador fits into a number of categories, where we look at our own national interest. El Salvador is a location that is in the vicinity of one of our key maritime choke points, the Panama Canal. It is strategically important as that is the Panama Canal. We renegotiated back in the mid-'70s, primarily because off is so much more expensive. It isn't a very easy option for ships to go around the Cape even if they had the time. The stability of Central America and the Caribbean is extremely important. A contending power can bring in external forces or use surrogates such as Cuba. It presents a temptation to major world powers to compete in that area for influence. As a nation such as the Central American nations become more and more unstable, there is greater and greater potential for outside forces to become involved there and threaten the region directly adjacent to the Panama Canal. It also provides a temptation for the bad nations of Panama to harass the citizens and see if there might not be an advantage to them to eat their lot with the outside powers, and to one force or another to bring the Canal to the Western world.

MacLean's: Are you preferring a greater U.S. need presence in the Caribbean?

Travis: That's right. Our forces are committed to NATO, but there is no question that we will address and eliminate any threat to our security in the Caribbean. There is also no question that we can prevail.

MacLean's: What do you expect the peak danger period to come?

Travis: By 1985 or 1986, that's when the Soviets will have 37 brand new capital

Top marks for the little schoolhouse

By Warner Gernert

Taking the turnoff from Ontario Highway 144 to Ramsey, about halfway between Sudbury and Timmins, is like stepping into any one of a thousand paintings of the wooded north country. The view of endless stands of jack pine and poplar, and the occasional black lake, is a still and brooding landscape. It is about this dirt road, 45 km to Ramsey from the turnoff and 150 km northeast of Sudbury, that the children of Mill Forest Public School wrote and performed a Christmas play.

The scene was simple and each one of the 35 pupils at the one-room school, aged 5 to 14, played a part. The play told the story of a Good Samaritan who, on his way home, saw a Christian Elite, left limping, into people in distress as the icy snow-covered road to Ramsey. The Good Samaritan, true to tradition, helped his neighbor, and all arrived home, and on this fine, a joyful Christmas.

The play was lost in the small audience last night because it's not an unusual occurrence on the road to Ramsey. There's little else in Ramsey (population 180) but a strong sense of community—that and hard work. It's a logging village, still from cutting and hauling about 10,000 jack pine trees, two shifts, 24 hours a day, weather permitting, there's no such thing as do but work. In winter, there's moose, partridge, duck and grouse hunting, and Pike fishing in the shallow lakes. There are two TV stations, one out of Timmins, the other from Sudbury, and sometimes the reception is good, but more often not. It is known as a winter storm. There's a bar, a few acres of drinking, skating, a poorly maintained outside hockey rink for the kids and the bear-haven, which accommodates up to 150 each, each paying \$17.50 a day, including show. Most are family men who commute long distances on the weekends. One commutes to Ottawa, about 1,400 km round trip. The dozen or so men who

live in small company-owned frame houses or in their own trailers. There's no store, as those living in Ramsey shop about a town in Chapleau, 150 km northwest, or in Sudbury. The main hub of activity in the community is the one-room school, modern in design with pine-board ceilings, where the representative committee and the board of education meets, when the baby showers are held and where Ray Meadows spends a good deal of his time teaching.

Ray and Diana Meadows and class: the school in the community



Meadows and the school at Ramsey are something of the disappearing past in Ontario. In 1990, there were 76 one-room schools in the province, but as school boards consolidated and costs went up, the one-roomer began to fade away—Mill Forest is one of only nine left. Mill Forest's school, with 36 pupils, is safe for the time being, but should enrollment fall below six for two consecutive years, it too would get the ax. If that happened, it would be the end of Ramsey as a community, for the school is the community.

Raymond, a stocky, tough-looking 30-year-old, wears tailor-made for Ramsey. He hunts, fishes, drives around in a four-wheel-pickup truck, organizes, serves in the community and goes to parties, but at the same time he maintains a distance. In a way he is a servant of the community, not just a teacher, and he has to be careful not to ruffle feathers. "You have to be very diplomatic," he says. "Once you say something to someone it gets around in a hurry. So you watch what you say."

He is quite unlike the city teacher who disappears into the car after the last bell has rung. When school is over, Meadows calls down a small bell to the teacher he rents (at a subsidized rate) from the ministry of education, and he's home, within shooting distance of the school, and still very much the teacher in the eyes of the community. "As long as he teaches the children and keeps them in line, his time is his own," says Helen Royal, whose five-year-old son Jeffrey is a kindergarten pupil. "But in a small community it's bad in some ways because certain people will pick up if he does something they don't approve of, you know, a couple of drinks too many or something like that. A teacher is pretty high up."

Few teachers work in the one-room school. It's a lonely existence, always under the watching eye of the community, and there's very little professional contact with colleagues. Meadows, who earns \$22,000 a year, including \$1,800 isolation pay, at least saves more than

A scant brown-and-white bird chirps while a graceful hawk sweeps around in the treetops. The fresh air scents, all around me, eases me into a trance. The delightful sound of trickling water rings in my ears—and now spring is here.'

—Darin Fahrer, Grade 8

Photo: G. Gernert

Lynne, father Paul, and Darin Fahrer: Mendency to be a little homesy



guitar kids looking for rockers and wannabe rockers who wants to show off a new pretzel or a kid who needs extra tutoring. Meadow's still maintains a distance. "You their friend," he says. "Not I'm their teacher friend."

Meadow's biggest concern with regard to pupils is their future. This fall,

for instance, Paul Fahrer, a local entrepreneur and chairman of the board of education, will have to take his son, Darin, to Thomson to find him somewhere to live while he attends school. For every day Darin goes to school the school board contributes \$10 toward his room, board and travel, but it's

not the same as being at home. "It's hard on them at first," says Fahrer, who has two other children who are doing the same thing. "Lots most of the kids know we here they have a tendency to be a little homesy." Meadow's is probably right when he talks about the chances of his graduates, and especially about Darin when he considers to be a gifted student. "I'd say that between 80 and 85 per cent of the kids from MHS Forest never made it through high school. And you can't do anything without a Grade 12 education these days. It worries me when I wonder how these kids are going to make it on their own at such a young age away from home." The parents are more fatalistic. "It's a split," says Fahrer. "You know it's just like your child has gone out to work. Some of them adjust, others don't. You do your best."

But at the end of the school year, with a summer of swimming and fishing ahead and an arts-and-occupations program at the school three days a week, Darin hasn't started to worry yet. "I don't want to leave home, but I guess I'll have occasions my own age to hang around with when I go to school in the city... and I'll be able to play hockey. I hope I'll be good enough to make the team." And if he isn't? "I don't know. Sometimes I lie in bed at night thinking about that." □

FOLLOW-UP

If the dead could speak

On a frigid night in January, 1989, Marita Moore, 31-year-old mystic, author of *Asian Books on Yoga*, astrology and regeneration to previous lifetimes, vanished from the face of the earth (Moore's, April 8, 2000). Not a trace could be found. All her belongings, including warm clothing, were in their usual places in her home in Alderwood, Wash., just south of Vancouver. A blizzard of bloodhounds and helicopters of a nearby forest where she liked to walk and water snakes yielded nothing after her husband, Dr. Howard Altman, an anesthetist, was convinced that constant use of the anesthetic drug Ketamine had caused her fatal anoxia. Mystery suggested that she had reached such a high state of consciousness that she deindividualized. It was now clear that her fate was far more gruesome, though the details are no less of a mystery. Two months ago her skull was found, strangely enough in the forest, that was so well sealed two years before.

Rockwood County detectives, as failed as ever, still can't establish if she died from exposure or foul play. Her husband, initially a prime suspect himself, would be passed as a defense test, now accepts the theory of death from exposure. For 18 months after her death he searched and searched in a haze state, even taking Recaman as an attempt to reach her telepathically. Dr. Altman, who also was trying to be a sought-after homeopath, at one point, they gathered at an abandoned farm and created charts of grain, trash, chicken coops and cesspools. Dr. Altman carried a 40-ring and adivinacion to review him. He used, unaccountably, to carry on his wife's work, but subsequently returned to medicine. Although Moore was the daughter of the multi-millionaire founder of the Sherman hotel chain, she walked away from several fortunes in casinos, royalties and settlements from three marriages, and left little inheritance, says Dr. Altman abruptly. "It's all in the past. I have a new life now."

Moore's brother, Robin Moore, editor of *The Grove Review* and *The Preach Connection*, is less inclined to forget. Detectives favor the possibility that animals dragged her head from her body, but Moore sees the separated head as the work of a savage evil which continually beholds its human sacrifice. Says Moore emphatically. "I don't be-

lieve my sister died a natural death." Moore has enlisted the support of Elias Hahn, a parapsychologist and author of *Murder in Anonymity*, who intends to "psychometrize" Moore's personal belongings. The theory of psychometry, which Hahn learned in 1966, is that personal artifacts are imbued with personal energy, and give information which could connect participants. Says Hahn: "I've been called in on several cases before and know that there's a possibility that those women abandoned Marita, but I'm sure it isn't withdrawl." At this stage, perhaps only the dead women can ever reveal the truth. Those who know Marita know that if it's possible she will.

—EVE RUCKITT

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The high cost of money

By Anthony Whittingham

Robert Martin is the only 51-year-old breeder of market-horned sheep in Nova Scotia. When he took over his father's 200-acre horse farm in Berthierville, N.S., in the mid-1970s, he thought he had it made. But then debts incurred in running a farm. The profit he makes from selling yearlings should be enough to run the farm profitably, but right now it's not enough to cover the interest payments on what he has had to borrow. Last year, interest payments alone amounted to \$30,000. As rates climbed, he had to start selling his breeding stock—his stable dropped from 10 horses to 17—and then he let the help go. Today the farm is up for sale. "There's just no way out," he says. "Farmers can't live with interest rates of 8½ per cent."

Across the country, in the Fraser Valley at Aldergrove, B.C., Jack Stevens has raised hogs for 15 years on four farm parcels. With his lease burden this year he is selling his hogs at 90 cents a pound but needs 90 cents to break even. Financing costs have been responsible. He has sold two of his parcels and is trying to hang on to the other two.

Bill Stewart of Wimpy's is just getting back on his feet after a bankruptcy. Last year's surge in interest rates drove 11 to 15 per cent—plus an extra \$35,000 in payments. It broke the back of his Stevens' meatpacking firm, Western Food Services Ltd. of Wimpy, with its seven branches.

Donald Cranston hasn't gone under yet, but his company, Perkins Papers Ltd., a small manufacturer of Christmas gift wrapping in Ossining, Ont., is being challenged by the high cost of carrying inventory—say, about \$156,000 more than expected this year, a big hit to profits. He wonders, will the company survive?

These are just a few of the wounded

casualties in a larger struggle over which they have no control—suffering from the effects of high interest rates, the grimy and exhausting trench warfare that may well sap the strength of the Canadian economy long into the 1980s.

Last week, after nine consecutive weekly increases that pushed interest rates far beyond levels ever before experienced in Canada, the central bank rate eased by 0.25-point drop to 13.50

Cooling down the economy carries a high price



Martin at his farm the wounded casualties in a larger struggle

was not enough, however, to cause a corresponding relaxation in the punishing prime rate charged by the chartered banks. Nor was it seen as a sign that the worst is over. In fact, Bank of Canada Governor Gérald Tremblay went out of his way to say that high rates will continue throughout the summer. Many economists believe they'll go higher still this year and into 1980 before there is any hope of a long-term change. Why makes the money market even harder to beat in the uncertainty that surrounds it? Not only is there a wide disparity of opinions as to where rates are going—a volatility at least as disconcerting as the high rates themselves—but there is also a deep division among economists and policy-makers as to whether high interest rates

should be in place at all.

The high cost of money—the consequences of a worldwide effort to bring inflation-ridden economies back under control—carries a heavy price. In Canada, where rates have gone stepped upward from 10.18 per cent in 1978-79 per cent in a mere 10 months, the effect on consumers and businesses has been swift and terrible. Bankruptcies and other business failures in 1979 have increased by at least 30 per cent over last year. Hundreds of farmers have been forced to sell at carry-over costs before getting paid. Canadians with mortgages due this year face top-high rates of 18 or 19 per cent. By one preliminary estimate, higher mortgage rates this year will soak about \$800 million from real estate markets. Traditional financial institutions are suffering. Stock market activity has sagged, while the bond market—a key element in the financing of long-term capital spending—has dropped from 45 per cent of all spending 10 years ago to less than five per cent today.

Desperation, however, breeds a kind of manic euphoria. Just as serious are the extremes on the other side—panic buying sprees that have caused housing markets across the country (especially in Vancouver and Toronto) to explode, thus eclipsing borrowing bigger than ever consumer debt last year by \$4.2 billion and an increase in credit of more than 12 per cent. The only policies of the Bank of Canada aimed at persuading Canadians to postpone purchases, to force the economy to cool off, are those widely misinterpreted as a frantic lurching to the right. Incredibly, it is a five-year federal government in power to run a Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. budget赤字. "If you want a house built, it is this kind of factor as much as anything else that makes the current period of inflation and high interest rates different from any other Canada has

A moment to remember.
A vodka to remember. Silhouette.



The expectations will likely have to change first



surprised, says Toronto economist Peter Martin. "Inflationary expectations have become entrenched. They're feeding on themselves. This time we are believe they're going to come down."

Meanwhile, the economists fight among themselves. No less horrified than a patient on an operating table fading under the anaesthetic while the doctors argue over where to apply the knife, Canadians last week suffered the destabilizing impact of hearing two respected economists present radically opposite views. The only way out of our economic mess, cautions Michael Walker, director of Vancouver's Fraser Institute think tank, is to support the Bank of Canada's policies and keep interest rates high. It will hurt but it will work. Not so, warned Walter Gordon, former finance minister and chairman of the equally influential Canadian Institute for Economic Policy. Unless interest rates are lowered immediately,

he stated in an open letter to the federal government, the health of the Canadian economy may be doomed. Faced with the kind of contradictory advice the federal government as far as has provided no new directions (see box, page 15).

If there is a common thread linking together all the economists of the Western world it is inflation—a kind of intransigent nation draining away economic wealth and growth, often as fast as they can be produced. Different countries may have added, special, economic disorders—government deficits, trade imbalances, misallocate private investment—but inflation, no one degree or another, is a problem everywhere. It has different appetites—from a modest six per cent in Switzerland, a hunger 13.6 per cent in Canada, to a ravenous 123 per cent in Israel. It attaches without favor to any political

and economic system—ranging from socialist democracies such as Israel to military dictatorships such as Brazil, where inflation is running at 115 per cent. "Inflation has nothing to do with a given social structure," says Walker of the Fraser Institute. "It has crept into every society over the centuries."

What used to be accomplished in theory easily by debasing the coinage is now a simple exercise for central banks, which enrich or choke off the growth of money supply by computerized credit manipulations. What most economists now agree is that the primary cause of the recurrent cycle of inflation—too much demand, or money, chasing too few goods—began in most Western countries during the early 1970s with rapid increases in money supply pumped out at the behest of governments gloating with growth and expansion.* In Can-

spend—the difference between what they pay on non-sleeping savings deposits and the prime rate—from the traditional 35 per cent through the 1970s to more than 45 per cent this year.

The banks gamely pointed out that, as funnels of money governed by law

demanded, they realized less than one per cent return on assets last year, lower than Canadian banks in Britain or the U.S. They admit that the jump in profits this year—up 60 per cent in the first quarter over last year—was caused by the spread increase and will likely double later this year. And as if to ease, they say, the increase only reversed the spread of last summer while the prime rate plummeted below the rate paid on term deposits.

Admitting that banks had not done a good job of explaining their profits Royal Bank Chairman Raymond Price stressed that banks are not as well off as the public thinks. The Royal claims that its high interest charges were dropped one per cent with no change in deposit rates bank profits would be nil. Price urged the public not to be "mismermed by figures." Homeowners and other borrowers, however, could hardly be blamed for a few glum-eyed terms—DAVID COATES



Banks on the run

Long the lions of pin-striped, crusty-worthiness paternalism, Canada's major banks now find themselves as unloved as oil companies were during major oil price hikes. Last week, as the public shied off up to 323-per-cent interest on consumer loans, the banks had the delicate public relations task of releasing their second-quarter profits.

With earnings still soaring in the wake of strong profits in the year's first quarter, four of the major banks announced continued profits in the first half—up 30 per cent to \$1.05 billion at Toronto Dominion and up 45 per cent to \$93 million at the Royal. The Bank of Montreal reported profits of \$74 million, up 40 per cent, while the Bank of Nova Scotia had a 17-per-cent increase and a first-half profit of \$11.67 million. If not just high interest rates, however, banks have increased their



Price: delicate public relations

and revenue system—reeling from nominal demarcations such as Israel to military dictatorships such as Brazil, where inflation is running at 115 per cent. "Inflation has nothing to do with a given social structure," says Walker of the Fraser Institute. "It has crept into every society over the centuries."

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A matter of tone

When Ian Stewart—a dapper, sandy-haired bureaucrat who wears thin-rimmed glasses—speaks, Canadians are well advised to listen. Stewart is a deputy minister of Finance, one of the most powerful mandarins in Ottawa, and largely preoccupied these days with charting a way out of our current economic tangle. At his home, Finance Minister Allan MacEachen, Stewart is careful to the point of obscurity in his public pronouncements. In a rare appearance before a Senate committee on national finance in Ottawa last week, it wasn't what the subtle mandarin said that mattered so much as the serious tone of his talk. While he made it clear official Ottawa has finally got the message—Canadians are grouchy about the economy and getting grumpier—it was in as much as to promise tax giveaways at early stages.

In fact, credibility is the key to what ever anti-inflationary measures the Liberals introduce in their full budget. Most of the ideas Stewart and the senators mused around last week was withdrawn from the '70s. The only newish proposal—a tax-based money policy (TIP)—is contentious and, as MacEachen admitted in the Commons, fraught with practical difficulties. This is a form of wage controls by which governments police incomes through the tax system for awarding high wage increases. Ultimately, TIP is supposed to dampen wage demands, slow growth and keep

the period between 1970 and 1978—a doubling of the money supply to finance a massive expansion of capital investment—and some severe economic costs.

The money control bill languished in the U.S. during the period financed the Vietnam War and President Lyndon B. Johnson's Great Society. In Israel, it paid for the Tel Aviv Express. In Britain, the progressive half-cut of ailing industries. In retropast, Governor Beatty mused last week, it was perhaps a vision of the Bank of Canada to lessen the price strings so much during those years. There were other factors as well—the "oil crisis" of 1973 and 1974 which began the cataclysmic transfer of wealth to the OPEC cartel, the Great Grain Robbery of 1976 which saw some grain-related food prices triple—but it

*Central banks in Canada, the U.S. and Britain each have the option of setting the money supply and targeting its growth. In Canada it is called "M1" and includes all currency in circulation plus non-interest bearing checking deposits in chartered banks.



Stewart (left) with MacEachen. Canadians are getting grumpier

prices from clearing—but no one can guarantee how long it will take to stabilize, if they do at all. Although the finance department is looking "very hard" at TIP, Stewart admits he has his doubts. "Anti-inflation policy is to be a success, one has to convince people the burden is being born equitably."

In fact, credibility is the key to whatever anti-inflationary measures the Liberals introduce in their full budget. Most of the ideas Stewart and the senators mused around last week was withdrawn from the '70s. The only newish proposal—a tax-based money policy (TIP)—is contentious and, as MacEachen admitted in the Commons, fraught with practical difficulties. This is a form of wage controls by which governments police incomes through the tax system for awarding high wage increases. Ultimately, TIP is supposed to dampen wage demands, slow growth and keep

in Beatty's concern that in non-central governments everywhere.

A lot of concern is the response—and the counter-response—to Canada's own anti-inflation efforts. The Canadian government is solving the problem and attacking inflation by raising the cost of money through high interest rates. No accuse do the money-takers gain anyway. So no one to the money-takers gain anyway in the inner circles of government,

Vancouver houses for sale in a soft market; Montreal banks play out



Desperation breeds a kind of manic euphoria

draconian method of cutting back the money supply—anathema to politicians and middle-class consumers—is under attack.

The question for consumers may be whether monetarism is too harsh a cure. Canadians such as John Smith of Halifax, whose small company, Genco Ltd., is reeling under the burden of high interest rates, or Ross and Gauri Petersen of Winnipeg, whose long-held plan for a \$1-billion expansion of their Anasazi Metal has been shelved indefinitely, for many economists, however, the question is whether monetarism is a cure-all. In this regard, the debate has been, and continues, especially in Canada and the U.S., as new forces on the apparent failure of monetarism in far-reaching inflation under control. Most often cited in Britain, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's process of money discipline has been singularly slow to show results other than economic hardship and unemployment, the U.S. too has conceded itself to a path of firm monetarism under President Reagan, with the aid of Governor Beauvois's U.S. counterpart, Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve central bank. Even though first-quarter statistics released last week showed a sudden and surprising drop in an U.S. consumer price inflation to a projected annual rate of under 10 per cent, most U.S. economists believe monetarism by itself is not enough to solve the problem.

What the ongoing world economic crisis has spawned is a growing awareness of the complexity of factors influencing economic behavior—and a corresponding variety of proposed solutions. It has also generated, particularly in the U.S., new philosophical approaches to evaluating social and economic structures aimed at "putting the country right," beginning with the much-touted "supply-side economics" advanced along tax cuts by bright young thinkers such as Arthur Laffer. Many economists now believe the euphoria and invincibility should be phased out as strangled growth by clamping down on money or on stimulating demand, as the Keynesians believed, but on loosening and improving the supply of goods. Catering to demand, they argue, has become analogous to inflation, so inflation and money printing. In his influential new book, *Wealth and Poverty in the Modern Commonwealth*, George Collier goes up the spirit of "Beauchamp's" "like the politician in the thrill of 'public opinion,' who lives always in the past, demand-oriented businesses rarely create new goods." Without a



Realty (left), Toronto Broker being told last week's prime rate by his spouse



Smith and his bankrupt Winnipeg store

Sen. of new products, the marketplace can be filled with stale items, produced with ever greater efficiency, continually relegated in trivial ways, perhaps in brighter colors, and marketed with a more expensive and harder sell. (Similarly, demand-oriented policies end in producing unemployment and depression and creating a less open and accessible economy and a more stratified and hierarchical political and corporate bourgeoisie—symbolic of the forces that have been created by the new wave of take-over activity at the expense of new, original entrepreneurship.)

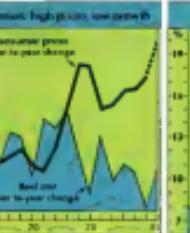
Playing out of the profound social and economic changes that have occurred since the Second World War, the monetarist policies of the 1980s are failing to reconcile the new expectations of the professional and middle classes with structures that may not be capable of supporting them. These structures will erode, but it is the expectations that will truly have to change first.



These are truisms of Canada as a trading nation. One-third of Canada's output is exported while a slightly higher proportion of the country's expenditures go toward imports. The exchange rate of the Canadian dollar in world currencies thus affects prices at home. A one-per-cent drop against the value of the U.S. dollar, for example, adds enough to the cost of imports to boost the Consumer Price Index by 0.8 per cent. Correspondingly, a sharp rise in the dollar will add to exports. To make matters worse is that Canada is more dependent on the U.S. market than is the rest of the world economy. Canada is particularly linked with the economy of the U.S. If the U.S. tightens its money supply and raises interest rates, it's a signal Canada can ignore only at its peril. If it doesn't follow suit, its currency is endangered, because investment will flow to the U.S.

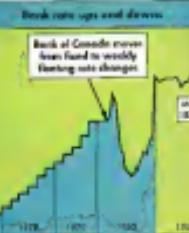
Canada is also a nation of savers. In the first quarter of 1980, for example, the savings rate in Canada was 30.5 per cent of personal disposable income—well ahead of the poor savings record of less than five per cent in the U.S. There is, in other words, money in Canada to finance most—nearly 70 per cent—of the nation's borrowing needs.

Money savers only reveal the vast and complex interplay of factors affecting



the overall complexion—and health—of the economy. "It's an extraordinary mechanism," observes Toronto economist John Court of Donnan Securities Ltd., "and it requires clever devices to keep it running. One thing that's clear is that inflation could end it all to an end."

Canadians live well—for better for a small population spread over a giant land mass than the conventional market forces of capitalist supply and demand could ever have predicted. That's the impact of sharing in the economy of the U.S. But now both countries are overextended. Like a household in debt



which must cut back to survive—confidence that security will bring about money—Canada may have to turn to self-sacrifice as the only and best cure.

Part of that cure will also continue to include the high cost of money as a disincentive to spend. It may have to be evened-up—a return to wage and price controls or some form of tax-based tax policy. For all its risks, Canada is yet too underdeveloped to throw its nose at the worldwide economic strangle. It's happening here too.

With this from Anne Brown, Mark Judd, Peter Gorrie, Linda and Paul Cooper.

Untrimmed hedges

There is nothing ingenious these days about investment counsellors who say the best way to make money is to have money. High interest rates and soaring inflation require new approaches to investment. Appreciating assets such as real estate, art and antiques are definitely in. Last week, a Louise Harris painting worth \$200,000 in 1978 attracted a \$360,000 auction price. Even with the dollar worth just 12 per cent of its 1972 value, the self-capital gains tax, that is, a tidy profit for a former owner, allows art owners to make revised earnings payments may have to appear but to sell. But if you can afford the mortgage, the money manager will say, "Buy."

Take-over art is popular—indeed has fueled company acquisitions by reducing the net price of acquisitions (Maclean's, April 30). Should McWest Group's offer for Trans-Canada Airlines succeed, for instance, inflated earnings from new assets would quadruple in 12 years and cover the 20-per-cent annual debt load in a much shorter period.

Quick spending outlets such as restaurants are proving a good investment as the cost of borrowing goes up. Last year, Canadian restaurants increased profits about 25 per cent, or \$1.7 billion

last year despite continually renovated. There is a caution though: artists—over \$10,000 in yearly interest—about 37,000 in savings—is taxed as well as being double.

Finally, there's a back to be had from investing on your income tax savings. With Revenue Canada's comprehensive 12-per-cent penalty on late income tax payments, a gain of seven per cent can be made by the self-employed who choose not to prepay taxes quarterly and instead roll their money over in 10-year-term term deposits. Even in troubled times those who play the loopholes can be winners.

—DAVID CHALMERS

Lower Marvels restaurantkeeper: a tidy profit of \$240,000 isn't a bad hedge





Radioactive worker in Canada, Argentines' Canda plant the latest in a byzantine series of twists and turns



RONALD BROWN/WHITEHOUSE

CANADA

With a little help among friends

The uranium cartel was all hush-hush. Or so it was supposed to be

By Ian Anderson

In a post-holiday session in Paris and Johannesburg, in the boardroom of Ottawa's department of energy, mines and resources and, ultimately, around the cabinet table, Canadian politicians and bureaucrats grandly negotiate a shadowy uranium pricing cartel with four other nations in 1973. Under Canadian law the cartel was legal, so long as it operated outside the country. Ottawa deemed it necessary in order to protect the mining towns of Elliot Lake, Ont., and Uranium City, Sask., where the sons of a decade earlier had turned gleefully after the United States from uranium imports—soaring to 75 per cent of the world market. But did the Pierre Trudeau government really act entirely legally? Under that shadow, several top civil servants and politicians saw well to Justice Minister Jean Chretien submit evidence prepared by the government's own bureau of economic policy, whose director, Robert Bertrand, stoked the affair for four years before being unexpectedly named chief of post there weeks ago. By forswearing the evidence to Chretien, the minister has concluded there it remains

to before violations of the Combines Investigation Act have taken place. It is up to Chretien to decide who, if anyone, should be charged—*even* though it is his own government that is under suspicion. This is part the latest in a Byzantine series of twists and turns in the cartel story, where the intrigue has been heightened by billion-dollar losses, an unprecedented penurious government and the first at one time that Canadian politicians and bureaucrats might be served with grand jury subpoenas should they ever enter the United States.

Uranium prices skyrocketed to more than \$40 (U.S.) a pound from about \$5 while the cartel operated between 1973 and 1975. The U.S. grand jury could not prove the cartel was to blame for the soaring prices, but established that the cartel did act to "stabilize" the uranium industry by establishing a floor price for the radioactive pelvic metal. The details were done behind closed government press releases and notes in a 1973 letter a director of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission which began with "Dear Abe" and earnestly let it be known that "Canada took the initiative in calling a meeting on February 8

in Paris of government officials from Australia, France, South Africa and Canada, to explore all facets of present uranium market problems." It was their mutual understanding that the cartel would not extend to member countries or to the U.S. But Ontario Hydro, by far Canada's largest uranium consumer, was not informed, learning details first in a January, 1975, article in *Forbes* magazine, entitled "WOUNDED FOR THE YEAR." Previously there had been "off-the-record" talk of the cartel from Ottawa, says Alex Melkachuk, the utility's supervising contracts officer for uranium. As far as Ontario Hydro was concerned, the Ottawa bureaucrats had their heads in the sand if they thought the cartel's influence would not be felt in Canada. "There was as much as anything an identifiable Canadian price that was separate from the price in the rest of the Western world," Melkachuk maintains last week.

In the early 1970s, uranium prices had slipped to around \$4 a pound in the wake of a 1966 decision by Washington to protect domestic producers by halting imports while it sold off its huge uranium stockpiles at the rate of 3,500

tons a year—twice the level of Canadian production. Ottawa pleaded and pleaded, with no effect. Canadian exports fell to \$55 million in 1969 from \$300 million a decade earlier, and Canada took the lead in forming the cartel. Under the direction of Donald Macdonald, then energy minister and now a potential Trudeau successor, the spadework was done by his deputy minister, Jack Austin (a former Trudeau aide and now a senator), and by the government's leading uranium expert, John Bansell (now retired and teaching at the University of Toronto). The trio helped to found the principal Canadian companies, Deneva, Natusca, Rio Algom and Gaff Minerals, a subsidiary of Gulf Corp. of Pittsburgh, Pa. "We were

bad and persistent uranium suppliers to protect the sale of our material. But that didn't have sufficient to merit our organization. The soaring uranium price caused a possible \$3-billion loss in sales, and in early September, 1973, Westinghouse announced it could not fill contracts for 40,000 tons of uranium. Uranium hit \$40 a pound. On Sept. 22, the Trudeau cabinet imposed its gag order on all cartel-related information.

The cartel was becoming unravelled, and the next summer, details of the private arrangements leaked out through Australia. The U.S. justice department convened a grand jury to see if there was enough evidence to lay conspiracy charges under its anti-trust legislation. Already hauled in, Bansell,



Bertrand, Macdonald, Estey—dragged in

and far off, Bertrand's investigation went a lot further, missing documents from the Canadian companies and, in a highly unusual case, "riding" the energy department office.

With the slowdown of nuclear development in the U.S., uranium prices have fallen to \$25 a pound. Nearly all the major lawsuits have been settled out of court. Better times lie ahead over American attempts to extend its control over countries, and all have past protective legislation.

The questions remains were Canadian lawmakers violated—*either* by the government itself or by companies acting under government orders or using a government mechanism to their own profit? No matter what the outcome,



though, there were winners—in Elliot Lake and Uranium City. Baffo Spruce, a Woodstock man and Gulf and 28 other suppliers for uranium, altering the cartel had driven up prices illegally. U.S. courts demanded that cartel companies produce documents to prove they were forced into the arrangement by their home governments. Gulf argued it would have previously 33.5 per cent of the market through to 1977. William Canada, each of the companies was given a specific export quota. Prices and trading arrangements were spelled out in detail.

Events overtook their well-laid plans. With the oil embargo of October, 1973, uranium prices jumped to \$200 from \$50 a year earlier, an average 20-fold increase for mineral supplies. The floor prices were never used, leading Sheldon to describe the cartel as "the most ineffective organization known to man. By the time it got going they didn't need it anymore." Then came the Washington debate. The giant American electrical products manufacturer

It was a last-minute addition when the National Energy Program was haphazardly assembled in Ottawa last fall, rushed so quickly from concept to premise that no one, bureaucrat or politician, could say how it would work. There would be money to switch off oil furnaces, but cutoff last week details were vague. Now, after Energy Minister Marc Lalonde's long-awaited manifesto

National

Shekels for the fiery furnaces

It was a last-minute addition when the National Energy Program was haphazardly assembled in Ottawa last fall, rushed so quickly from concept to premise that no one, bureaucrat or politician, could say how it would work. There would be money to switch off oil furnaces, but cutoff last week details were vague. Now, after Energy Minister Marc Lalonde's long-awaited manifesto

is, furnaces may become as reliable a conservation measure as the weather and real estate. The first grant in the history of the Canada Oil Conservation Program (1959), is loaded with taxable grants of up to \$800 to induce Canadian households to give the heat to business end-users over the next 10 years.

Cost of this get-off-oil feasible is pegged at \$1.6 billion through 1985, and after that it's anybody's guess. Nevertheless, Dennis Orchard, director of the gas and electric conservation part of the new power empire, echoes government claims when he says that "in terms of the cost of importing oil, it makes a lot of sense to go to gas." Conservative energy critic Michael Wilson doesn't dispute the objective, but he does wonder why the government is courting the consumers with financial goodies when about 100,000 Canadian households voluntarily made the switch from oil to gas or electricity last year. "I asked Lalonde why it was necessary to have an \$800 grant, but I didn't get an answer." Too few conversations—and too late—says Orchard, who hopes to pressure more than two million switchers by 1985, the majority of them in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia.

For those planning to convert to wood, propane or solar heating systems, 12 new regional bureaucracies—conservation and renewable energy offices have been created to dispense guidance to the Homeowners Act. Dennis Director Bill Podes admits that the federal grants, along with upcoming Ontario



Lalonde and furnaces (gas replacement, left, for oil with conservation grants)

incentives to utility consumers to switch to electricity, are leaving people "very confused," but says that's okay by him. "It's like you're being paid to give grants to educate yourself."

Those seeking such grants will have their applications processed by the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp.—those wonderful people who brought you more formality than politeness courtesy of CMHC, the Canadian Home Team.

HOW INEXPENSIVE OF THEM...
BEHIND WE CAN PUT IT TOWARD
THE COST OF REMOVING THE
FORMALITY FROM THE
MAN...

—VICTOR PAGES

Blinkers for an eye in the sky

“You had better weeks," bemoaned CBC President Al Johnson, admitted. First off, he had to defend his upbeat vision of broadcasting as a unifying force in Canada before the parliamentary committee on communications and culture, an experience he found disconcerting. "Certain parts of the committee hearings were quite ugly, quite nasty. You get trained a little bit." Meanwhile, in Quebec, the *Mother Corp.*'s journalists celebrated the start of their eighth month on strike, while picketing technicians right across the country kept CBC radio broadcasting only news and transit



"Charting our course together"

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newscasts, and CBC TV had more of its air time with reruns. To add final insult to injury, the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) recommended that Al Johnson's bid be rejected, CBC Television-2 should spend all its time running repeats.

Last Aug. 15, Johnson asked the CRTC for a license to get in on the ground floor of satellite-able television. The CRTC owned two cable channels, one French, one English, which would initially present prime-time alternative programming, 60 per cent of it original production and imports. 90 per cent being "quality Canadian material." But the federal cabinet refused Johnson's request for a \$120-million budget increase to get the monoculture CBC networks off the ground. Johnson was convinced enough to the plan



Johnson: only for the wind 700,000

to consider diverting CRTC money, but the CRTC insisted that, regardless, any diversion of funds from already-thin CRTC budgets could impair the quality of existing services. What annoyed Johnson was that the commission suggested how the CRTC could raise the money and presented the government to provide it.

Another CRTC concern was that the 500-million-dollar initial benefit only 700,000 Canadian households, those equipped with both cable TV and a converter. The CRTC insisted, however, that those privileged few would be able to get an eyeful of repeats when it encouraged Johnson to propose an interim 600-900-million-dollar budget increase. "You wouldn't be saying it unless we were pretty sure it would go," said CRTC Chairman John Metal. Though Johnson decided to keep the amcor television planning staff working on that



Metcalfe: maybe it would fly on return?

Red faces in Alice Arm

It was an embarrassingly low point in corporate public relations for Wayne Lenton. The vice-president of Amcor Canada had spent one strenuous last week managing a scathing review panel that wintered from the company's long misdeeds. He could not contain the swelling of Alice Arm in northwestern British Columbia when he was placed on. On the other end of the line were officials who read him a telegram from federal Fisheries Minis-

tries of chin-warts a day after the last day of April 30. Under the terms of the permit granted the subsidiary of the multinational Amcor Inc., wastes are supposed to stay 100 metres below the surface of the water. While the man remained silent, casting the company \$350,000 a day, samples of the sediment were collected for analysis.

"We had a good laugh about that," said Ron Holman, vice-president of the Shuswap Tribal Council in the area referred to Lenton's moment of red-faced confusion. "The Indians who have fished in Alice Arm and other northern inlets for centuries had little idea about chin-warts. They contend that the

spills so far in excess of federal regulations that a special cabinet order-in-council was required.

The sediment showed up when government and company experts circled each other warily at the hearings trying to establish how much of a threat to fish and human life the tailings represent. At week's end, Jack Littlejohn, Amcor's chief environmental consultant, was suggesting the government had overreacted, shutting down the plant on safety inspection. Indeed, Environment Canada, at best of alimony, saying that while the plant's 100-metre spill caused by tailings, it was actually magnificently—but the tails would



Lenton at outfall pipe, Shuswap (right) and Commissioner Peter Wall at hearing. (See back to the left for more detail)

ster Bruce LeFebvre erging the temporary closing of the mine.

Lenton had little choice but to go along with the telegram, which had been prompted by the discovery of a mysterious plume of cloudy water 50 to 75 metres beneath the surface of the inlet. Federal environmental researchers weren't sure if the murky water was caused by mine tailings or just a hasty spray itself from the surrounding mountains, but it was close to an outfall pipe that has been dumping 11,000

mine tailings—which include lead and highly toxic sodium 238—will contaminate the crab and halibut they take from the inlet (Maclean's, March 30) and have boycotted the hearings in Prince Rupert set up at their request. What they wanted was a full public inquiry with the power to subpoena witnesses and hear testimony under oath. The Shuswap hasn't concluded on the compounding of the mine, which will cost \$200,000, a price Amcor might be willing to pay to avoid future embarrassing incidents. To itself and to the government,

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—MALCOLM GREAT

Manitoba

Churchill fights on the beaches

Ever since 1952, when the first shipment of Prairie grain moved out of Manitoba's mid-continent seaway port at Hudson Bay, town boosters have been quick to complain that it gets less than a fair share of the business. Churchill, 1,180 km north of Winnipeg, views itself as victim of a conspiracy hatched by southern grain companies, railways and powerful port holders both east and west. At its height last week was Churchill of Commerce President Jim Hronsko's declaration: "They always have excuses for not using Churchill. We've listened to them for years."

possibly, reruns and reruns only are scarcely likely to garner overwhelming popularity. Forty-six per cent of Canadians polled in April said they didn't like the creation of a second network. 10 per cent said 10 more new stations (undecided) out with the then-planned "new generation" of stations and other prospects of Canadian radio."

While Johnson deplored this latest setback in his fight against encroaching American television, most CTV broadcasters were plotting their own move into satellite/cable broadcasting and pay-TV. Maclean's learned last week that CTV sees its cable future as five channels, one for each specialty of news, culture, sports, broadcasting and general entertainment. There's no indication that CTV—which is still challenging before the Supreme Court of Canada the CRTC Canadian-content regulations from its last license-renewal application—is planning to have home-made productions as a major source of its cable output. There are untold millions of dollars in potential profits from the scheme for the commercial network, something that leaves the CTV looking even more like the neglected country cousin.

"Ours was the only application the CRTC has had to provide a thoroughly Canadian service," said Johnson, in audience, pointed and articulate. "But not all. Designing the equations to determine of State Prairie Pic about range of television stations is a very difficult job," he said. "I think you'll have to wait a year to get to know it. It's vital to set in place communications to keep this country together." These fighting words at the end of a long week confirmed that Johnson has in abundance what he sees as the major requirement for the presidency of the CRTC. "You've just got to be an optimist."

—ANDREW BENTLEY



Polish grain ship at Churchill: a Tidus to Breslau highlights a grey area

Churchill boosters were jubilantly ready to be snubbed again when Senator Elsie Argos, minister for the Canadian Wheat Board, announced the signing of a five-year 10-billion-dollar grain sale to the Soviet Union and promptly demanded a three-per cent slice of the export tax. Factors argued against greater participation in the joint sales because its short-distance shipping sector from July 1 to October, poor traffic on the St. Lawrence River, and which will carry only light barrenges and the new hoggin crop, and allegedly lower costs of shipping from the town shipping disputes. "If you talk to any Breslau, they don't want to export their grain to Canada and the other big grain companies all have their elevators and terminals on the east or west, while the ones in Churchill is federally owned and they don't take money on it."

now. We have no difficulties with the present system."

One explanation of that satisfaction, given little publicity, is offered by Mac Rossman, president of the United Grain Growers Ltd.: "The Churchill shipping season comes just at the time when Sevin is harvesting its winter crop and their grain bins are full. They can't determine their requirements until the harvesting is over, as Churchill raises the 'heat.' In fact, points out Rossman at the wheat board, "To provide a shipping season for Churchill this year we held over 250,000 tonnes in storage from last year's crop. It could easily have gone via other ports, but western farmers have paid an extra \$2 million to keep this inventory on hand at a time of high interest rates."

In total, nine ships loaded grain at Churchill in 1984, six or so may do so this summer. There may be another long wait before Churchill's ship comes in. —PETER CANALE-GORDON

Nova Scotia

The force be not with him

"I'm giving up the command of the force and I'll be off the job in the trucking business that's what I'll do," said former Sgt. Gary House last week as he announced his resignation from the force effective July 3. "I just can't emphasize the pressure in which an officer dropped this case." House, 35, is an athletically trim six-footer, a family man with two young sons, and he found his niche in the force 14 years ago. But he is a self-styled "strakeen Newfoundland," as he decided he could not stomach a job where, as he put it, politicians came before lawmen. He was called off an investigation of a Nova Scotia cabinet minister last December for political reasons, he says, before it was finished. His announcement immediately revived the mud-slinging in the legislature that has made the so-called Thorndill Affair, in its now-yes-and-no-you-don't colors of more than a year, one of the most notorious stories in recent years within the gray state walls of the provincial legislature.

The now-past House is back to see whether Development Minister Roland Thorndill had taken advantage of his position in the pro-NDP Conservative government to get a compromise deal from four banks—National, Nova Scotia, Royal and TD. They wrote off three-quarters of his personal debt of \$14,000 in October, 1976, and he agreed to pay the balance. The legality of the bank deal—an accepted way for banks to

make the best of a bad debt—was not in question. Rather, the case turned on whether Thorndill joined the calculation and, if so, whether he had received written permission to do so from Premier John Buchanan—the architect

of the force's "stand for it." An RCMP spokesman said, "House's conclusion was on 'balance'."

The force set off to investigate with its announcement last week focused mainly on whether Buchanan had given his written permission for the deal, as the Criminal Code requires. The RCMP believes that Buchanan discussed the affair with Thorndill, but there is no evidence of discussions in black and white, a spokesman for the police force said last week. Liberal Opposition leader Sandy Cameron demanded that both Thorndill and Attorney-General Harry Elias be released of their official posts until "the cloud of suspicion" over the case is cleared through a judicial inquiry. "The only cloud that exists is the one over poor head," retorted Buchanan, who immediately rejected an inquiry, saying Thorndill's inattention by the RCMP and the attorney-general's department was good enough for him. Cameron also assumed the pressure of changing an order on the timing of Thorndill's verdicts. "When you hear one thing one day, whether the next, it leaves you with questions. Mr. Thorndill negotiated a proper deal, and more power to him. What is wrong is the way in which the government of the day has handled it, it is only the present," Thorndill, who is using Dartmouth radio station CFBM for defense over the coverage of the case, is not commenting publicly. Cameron and other Liberals intended to pursue their accusations in what has become the comment battlefield in town well over a year after the affair first broke. Liberal aide John Conrad can confidently say, "I don't think you've heard the end of the Thorndill thing—not by a long shot."

—MICHAEL CLARKSON

Ontario

A tale that wags the dog

Ignoring the local leash law may no longer be simply a question of a \$25 fine. In a decision starting to dog lawyers, the Supreme Court of Canada has thrown its weight behind a lower court ruling that owners of dogs may have to pay for damage caused by their pets anywhere off the owner's property. That was the outcome of the top court's decision last fortnight not to hear an appeal against an Ontario judgment that found a dog's master responsible for damages of \$8,000.90 because of an accident caused by the dog.

It all started April 13, 1976, when Stan Rheeles, 16, and his brother, Kelly, 14, were playing with their seven-



RCMP Sgt. House and (below) Thomas, a difficult question of permission



legal safeguard against influence-peddling in such a case, where all four banks involved did business with the government. The RCMP report was turned over to the provincial attorney-general's department in September and, the following month, the province said no charges would be laid against Thorndill. Two months later the RCMP also dropped the case, but House, disgruntled at the sudden way his case had been terminated, had already made up his mind to quit and will take a security job in Saint John, N.B., next month. "I've convinced my own mind that it was political," he said. "And I just

couldn't stand for it." An RCMP spokesman said, "House's conclusion was on 'balance'."

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—MICHAEL CLARKSON

year-old Labrador, Down Boy, on a 40-acre property in Ryedale Hill, just north of Toronto. Mollie Moffett, then 13, rode by on her horse, Pantasia, along a rural road. Shading the two children, Down Boy ran and nipped Moffett's horse, causing it to throw her. The horse then bolted into busy Easter weekend traffic on a nearby highway, where it was hit and killed by a car. Moffett received slight injuries.

Lawyers for Moffett and the driver of the car, James Downing, were thrown out of the Ontario Supreme Court. But the Ontario Court of Appeal reversed that judgment, saying that William J. Cameron, grandfather of the Rhenfrew and legal owner of the dog, was negligent. The Appeal Court's reasoning was twofold: that Cameron knew of a Ryedale Hill bylaw prohibiting dogs running at large, and that the dog owner should have known no accident might occur under the circumstances.

That ruling all but strengthens because of the Supreme Court's refusal to review it, and it stands as an important precedent, say lawyers involved in the case. Paul Sharron, the Toronto lawyer hired by Moffett, sees it as another step by modern society away from the vestiges-old common-law principles that allowed "man's best friend" to roam at will. Most municipalities and villages



Sharron, dog's ancient rules are modern



have restricted bylaws, says Sharron, but "the problem is that these laws are 'grandad.' That will change, he points out, now that owners' negligence can be more readily established. In the past, such findings had led to the notion that the Ontario Court of Appeal turned "ancient rules that required the dog's master to have some knowledge of vicious or mischievous propensity." But no more, says Sharron. Now the courts are shifting to a test similar to that applied in other negligence cases. That means that if a dog is unlawfully at large and does something the owner could have reasonably

seen as a threat, the owner may be liable for damages caused to people or property.

All that soon had dog lovers bristling. "I think everybody's really cracked against the dog and dog owner," complained Shirley Mackay, head of Pet Owners United in Ottawa. But Sharron reckons that pet owners must become more responsible and realize that the days of canine freedom are long gone. "In today's modern society," he says, "a dog can get into a lot of trouble without too much encouragement."

—LES WHITTINGTON

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Democracy on its deathbed

In Spain the talk is not 'if' but 'when' the military will take over



Police on alert (left); negotiating with hostage-takers (right), inevitable?



By David Bieden

Amid the confusion following the hostage-taking in Barcelona's Banco Central, the conviction was growing in Spain last week that the country's short-lived experiment in democracy was drawing to a close. The kidnappers—a somewhat bullet-scarred parliament, a press not all of which yet practices self-censorship, trade unions—remained. But the talk was about "when," not "if," a coup would take place. The favored dates: June 24, the feast of St. John, patron saint of King Juan Carlos, and, inevitably, July 15, the anniversary of former dictator Francisco Franco's 1939 rising.

Such views may be alarmist. But the current state of rumor, the general uncertainty and above all the constant terrorist outrages (there are provocations of one kind or another every day) have created an atmosphere that plays into the hands of those who patted off the straps behind the Feb. 22 coup attempt, Spain's far-right, an offshoot rejected from the army for its radical views.

"There appears to be a campaign to generate popular fear for a coup," others argue. "But as far as I can see, it is already in the making." Sayres, a professor at California's Berkeley, "There is a general worry that the democratic institutions will merely become a facade, that the important decisions will be taken elsewhere." A

right-wing member, Antonio Caro, suggested in parliament last week that stage may already have been reached. "Here we are not legislating, and a sovereign body which confides itself to comprising only reveals its impotence," he claimed.

Caro went on to criticize the "fascized house" and "prison state" of the paramilitary Civil Guards, 250 of whom in February held the deputies at gunpoint for 18 hours. The guards are widely suspected of having a hand in the Barcelona siege. At first, 27 men were said to be holding the hostages but said yesterday, surely, police arrested only nine "delinquents and more than 1000 auxiliaries," who, it emerged later, had also constructed a tunnel in order to plant a bomb on May 31 beneath a military parade attended by Juan Carlos, whose firm stand blocked the Franco plot. Prime Minister Leopardo Calvo-Sotelo told parliament that a mysterious ultralight had harassed the bank job, but he could not explain who was behind it and it was left to Socialist leader Felipe Gonzalez to voice the conclusion that most people's minds.

"There is a premeditated plan to seek democracy," he said.

Indeed, events bear a striking similarity to those preceding the 1936 coup. Franco came to power 10 years after dictator Primo de Rivera gave way to reform-minded but generally ineffective



Calvo-Sotelo: only the kidnappers remain

and governments. It is 58 years since Franco died. Though violence has reached nothing like the level of the 1930s, there is the same spiral of extremist violence now as then. Rightist youth demonstrate with fascist salutes, and nowhere is the nostalgia for the past stronger than in the military, which, as it did in the 1930s, feels it has a sacred duty to protect "la patria" (the motherland) against "perversion, " "red" subversion and all the evils brought about by the deepest politicians. The foundations of democracy are the weaker for the fact that a wily-praying member of the ruling Democracy Center party only emerged as "democratic" after Franco's demise. The neofascist Psoe-Naia (New Force)

has only one parliamentary representative, but squads of blue-shirted fascists at his call. According to a statement by Franco's coup protagonist, Col. Antonio Tejero Molina, all but two of Spain's regional military commanders were sympathetic to the coup. Thirty officers have been arrested but, interestingly in view of last week's events, most of the Civil Guards involved have been released. And the government is divided over the wisdom of bringing the secondista trial, both for fear of provoking them with a platform and of the possible reaction of the military.

While Calvo-Sotelo's has been reduced to pushing for speedy membership in NATO, hoping to give the military something else to think about, the process of regional autonomy, condoned by some army brass as subverting national unity, has been closed. To placate the military further, troops have been sent into



Genoza: plan to sink democracy

the Basque country and left-wing parties have rarely accepted tough new anti-terrorist measures. A clause permitting the closure of papers encouraging rebellion or terrorism—aimed at the rabble-raising rightist daily *El Alzamiento* and the Basque ETA subversives—*Ego*—could only too easily be turned against the press in general.

After the Franco coup attempt, one survey showed that only four per cent of Spaniards wanted to see it succeed. But, following a period of political stagnation, 15-per-cent inflation and unemployment rising to 4.7 million, many of Spain's 37.5 million people are ready to believe the claim that "things were better under Franco." Moreover, Spaniards, much more affluent than their near-starving forebears in 1936, feel it has to be prepared to meet themselves before the likes of Tejero and his ilk. Calvo-Sotelo has so far been unable to thread his way through a minefield of squat and fascism. The prime minister knows the price of failure: the assassination of his uncle José on July 15, 1936, helped to spark the bloody civil war. But others' memories are competitive: seen one, seen another.

Geneva

Awash in a sea of surplus oil

There was plenty of very banal among the observers who thronged Geneva's International Hotel last week, waiting for a glimpse of the \$3.695-a-barrel wrangling over a new set of oil prices. The favorite joke, as always, was "over

a barrel with \$490." (Over since 1973, Western politicians and economists have left much the same.) But in the aftermath of last week's meeting—one of the most uneventful in OPEC history—many felt the cartel's grip on the consuming nations' economies was losing, if only temporarily.

The upshot of the two-day summit was a decision by 16 OPEC producers to cut oil output by 10 per cent from June 1 in an effort to sop up the current glut. They also agreed to freeze prices at the levels set in July 19 December from a maximum of \$49 for Africa's crude to



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Glassmaking: a temporary respite

from two-thirds to one-half. In addition, Western countries cut back consumption last year by six percent, and last week's 20-percent cuts in production will eliminate less than half the current daily surplus, between two and three million barrels.

But this optimistic scenario rests on two shaky props. One is a resumption when demand picks up again—probably by the end of the year—the oil surplus will vanish and OPEC can be expected to hike prices. There is also uncertainty over the continued willingness of the Saudis to pump out oil at an unprecedented 10 million barrels a day. At present, it seems they do so, propping up Western economies to which they have invested millions of dollars and securing such political favors as the sale of the four American AWACs aircraft in the process. But the ruling Saudi royal family's gamble leaves them dangerously out of step with the rest of the Arab world. One false move, an assassination's bullet, another episode like the invasion of the Grand Mosque in Mecca is late 1979, and Saudi oil production could be affected, leaving the West where it was last year: over the OPEC barrel.

—DAVID GREENBERG

Back to bullets yet another time

The fragile fabric of social order in Bangladesh was already torn apart Saturday after the assassination of the country's head of state, Ziaur Rahman, who presided over a dozen and six bodyguards. In the northern provincial port of Chittagong, the carrier appeared to set the stage for a struggle for control between the local commander, Maj.-Gen. Mianmar Ahmed, whose troops were held responsible, and the bulk of the army under Chief of Staff M. A. Arifah, which remained loyal to Vice-President Abdus Salam, who declared a state of emergency from the capital, Dacca. There was also the threat of a warwarning of the always delicate relations with neighboring India. Chittagong Radio, ruled by the rebels, announced that the 1972 treaty of friendship between India and Bangladesh had been abrogated and declared Bangladesh sovereignty over a disputed island in the Bay of Bengal.

Rahman's murder, after six years of relative calm in the country of 86 million inhabitants, 75 per cent of whom live below the poverty line, recalled the stormy earlier years of the 10-year-old state. Originally the eastern wing of Pakistan, Bangladesh achieved independence in March, 1971, after the Indian army had intervened on behalf of Shah



Major General Mianmar Ahmed (Freedom Fighters), who had been waging a guerrilla war against the Pakistani army's attempts to suppress local demands for autonomy. Majorah, released from prison in Pakistan, became prime minister. But the new state was beset by economic and administrative problems, and after four years in power, with his popularity fading as his ability to solve the country's problems was increasingly seen not to match his rhetoric, Majorah and members of his family were brutally murdered by a group of army majors in August, 1975. Majorah's emergence—as first as one of a troika of ruling service chiefs—came only after a coup d'etat and the murder of other prominent figures in the following November.

Bangladesh under Zia achieved relative stability—although the new

Poland

The man who moved a nation

He worked with the resistance during the Nazi occupation in the Second World War and later was held for three years in a remote Polish monastery for opposing the Communist Party's attempts to smash his church by confiscating its property and jailing its priests. But for all his talents and virtues, Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, primate of Poland, will be remembered most as the man who escaped the bonfire of human greed that is the present. But the ruling Saudi royal family's gamble leaves them dangerously out of step with the rest of the Arab world. One false move, an assassination's bullet, another episode like the invasion of the Grand Mosque in Mecca is late 1979, and Saudi oil production could be affected, leaving the West where it was last year: over the OPEC barrel.

It was Wyszyński who, by standing up to Poland's Communist masters for more than three decades, turned the Roman Catholic Church into the focal point for patriotic and opposition sentiment as well as religious fervor. It was Wyszyński who governed a present 18 years in power, Karol Wąglio, who went on to become Pope John Paul II and continue a papacy that many regard



Wyszyński with John Paul II, and (front) Wałęsa: the forces of change

as the most powerful in modern times. And finally, it was the Polish priest who, through his tireless stand for human rights, helped to unleash—and then to catalyze—the movement that

since last August has shaken the Communist world to the core.

All three scores, the leader of his country's 30 million Catholics earned the赞赏 that marked his passing last week at 79. As the world saluted him, Pope John Paul II praised him full state honors and the official obituary referred to him as "a great Pope and patriot." Although unbending in his opposition to Communism, the tall, ascetic Wyszyński was a political realist who knew that his church and the cause of human rights could advance in Poland only if an accommodation were reached with the Party. In the crisis that swept Poland in the final months of his life, Wyszyński used his influence to promote moderation, persuading the restless Solidarity movement to cancel a general strike that looked certain to trigger Soviet intervention and to re-emphasize formally the leading role of the party in national life.

But the loss of his stabilizing value is unlikely to open any immediate crisis or to weaken fatally the church's standing as one of the three pillars of Polish society, along with the party and Solidarity. Wyszyński's unique contribution down the years—and especially

over the last basic months of worker rebellion—was to school the church to stand on its own. It will continue to draw immovable authority from the reign of a Polish Pope in Rome, while it failed the cardinal, left behind him a legacy of political change, whose fruits a successor—it could be Franciszek Cardinal Macharski, Bishop Bronisław Dmochowski or the Rev. Józef Piłsudski—will be chosen. None may claim his status, but all have learned his lesson.

—PETER LAVEN

Italy

Enmeshed in a web of scandal



Craxi: a worldless power broker



Craxi speaks in Chivasso rally after 1976 election victory from the archives

Craxi was ousted by two attempted coups and at least six mutinies in the armed services. While returning the country to a semblance of democracy—he founded the Bangladesh National Party (BNP), which achieved a two-thirds majority in 1979 elections, routing the divided remnants of Majorah's Awami League—Craxi led a relatively successful diplomatic campaign for international assistance, while seeking internal economic recovery through grassroots organizations at village level, as well as by an all-out attempt to control the growth of a population swollen recently by 200,000 refugees from neighboring Burma.

Any gains in this regard, however, now have been put at risk by his assassination, and internal stability fur-

ther threatened by the return to Dacca earlier last month of Sheikh Hasina Wajed, 38-year-old daughter of Majorah Rahman, after six years of self-imposed exile in India. At a succession of well-attended rallies, she has been demanding the trial of her father's assassins, and her presence in the country has put new life into the Awami League. The rebels' and India's mass rebels another divisive strand in Bangladeshi politics. Amnesty-towed India has been growing ever since liberation, fuelled by border incidents and a still-unsettled dispute over the sharing of the water of the Ganges River. The country's chief problem, however, is that Craxi's death removes the one figure who seemed able to control all these forces. A prolonged period of uncertainty, if not struggle, seems likely before a figure of equal stature emerges.

—DAVID NORTH

The story reads like political fiction rather than fact, a scandal involving shady dealings in a renegade Masonic lodge, whose members allegedly include scores of prominent figures, now pique among the powerful and trigger one of the worst crises in the country's post-war history. But the plot is all too real, and last week's collapse of Italy's seven-month-old socialist government created a世界性的 power vacuum at a time of profound uncertainty. Long accustomed to political crises, the country has had 46 short-lived governments in the past 35 years—Italyans followed the latest with unusual interest.

The long-brewing scandal exploded May 21, when authorities released a list of 965 alleged members of a secret Masonic lodge, code P-2 (Propaganda-2) whose leader—Lucio Gelli—recently fled the country. The list included three cabinet ministers, 36 government and 33 opposition deputies, journalists, industrialists, financiers and Right-wing military officials. Most denied any connection with the lodge, but the revelations set off a conspiracy mania in the press about Gelli's supposed links to everything from kidnapping to

would be corps d'état. When Senator Armando Perletti failed to endorse the committee by removing the implausible cabinet members—the move was blocked by the Socialist members of his coalition—he had no choice but to resign. Two days later the country suffered a second trauma when the head of the joint chiefs of staff, the highest ranking officials of the financial police, and three secret service organizations were put on temporary leave until their names were cleared.

So far, however, only two figures have been charged with wrongdoing: Gelli, the P-2's fugitive grand master, and a former secret service official, Cal Antonio Vittori, a P-2 member. Both are accused of breaches of state security following the discovery, in Gelli's abandoned villa, of a secret government report on a 1979 oil tax fraud scandal and Gelli's possession of files on top political and financial figures which magistrates believe might have been used as a source of blackmail. Gelli's name has been further saluted by an ongoing investigation of his possible involvement in the fraudulent activities of jailed banker Michele Sindona.

Along with those supposedly implicated, the greatest sufferers have been the 38,000 members of the country's 338 other Masonic lodges, despite their association with disgraced banker-patriot Giuseppe Garibaldi, was a grand master—and the fact that P-2 was suspended as long ago as 1976. But the final aspect of the affair is likely to depend on whether Perletti can form a government that inspires greater confidence. The prospects are not promising. Fluctuating between the ruling Christian Democrats and the Socialists may, in the end, force President Sandro Pertini to call national elections three years ahead of schedule. —THOMAS LUNN

Gelli on the move: secret report found



U.S.A.

A 'family' man for the job?

Roy Lee Williams is fingered as a 'Mafia mole'



By Michael Posner

BURNING an act of divine intervention, 68-year-old Roy Lee Williams will be confirmed this week as general president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen, and Helpers of America. The election will take place during the 23rd Teamsters' Convocation, being held—appropriately—in Las Vegas, America's unofficial capital of organized crime. Williams and the Teamsters are apparently well-squared with the underworld. According to a recent congressional report, the new union boss is a Mafia wise, working under the complete domination of Kansas City mob chieftain Nick Civella. Appearing before a Senate panel last year, Williams was questioned at length about his associations with Civella and the assets of the Teamsters' \$3.5-billion Central States Pension Fund (CSP). The union leaders refused to testify, pleading the Fifth Amendment 23 times. That has served for years as a kind of instant credit line for organized crime, financing—at ridiculous low interest rates—takeovers of Las Vegas casinos and real estate speculation. Indeed, if the justice department is right, what Roy Williams calls "the largest black market in the free world" is

a de facto Mafia subsidiary. Last week, on the eve of the Las Vegas convocation, the Teamsters faced a new, double-barreled assault on their integrity. As a result of Williams' refusal to testify, the Senate subcommittee on investigations asked the labor department to decide whether he is fit to hold office. Should Williams remain silent, the Senate said, he should be removed. One day later, a federal grand jury in Chicago indicted Williams and four others on charges of conspiring to bribe Nevada Senator Howard Cannon. The evidence of this also involves the CSP, of which the Teamsters leader was a trustee for 22 years.

Another of the fund's considerable holdings was the so-called "Wonderworld" property, a 15-acre parcel of land in Las Vegas. The 15-acre judgment, the result of a 15-month federal investigation, alleges that Williams, CSP trustee Thomas O'Malley, CSP employee Andrew Massa, CSP councilor Allen Durfee and reputed Chicago mobster Joe Lombardo attempted to give Cannon exclusive rights to the Wonderworld parcel in return for his voting against legislation to deregulate the trucking industry.

The conspirators allegedly applied pressure to other potential buyers to withdraw their bids and to employees of the Palmetto Co., the CSP sales agent,

"to influence their decision as to the purchaser and sales price." A bid submitted on Cannon's behalf was thus designated to succeed. Cannon was at that time chairman of the Senate's powerful commerce, science and transportation committee. Challenged by the Carter White House, the deregulation legislation was initially opposed by Cannon and the Teamsters, mainly because it ended the trust monopoly for some collective rate-setters. In the end, however, Cannon's committee produced a tougher bill than most observers had expected and, although it was a weaker House of Representatives bill that was finally adopted, Cannon voted for it. The Las Vegas bill was never voted on by him, and the Democrat from Nevada was never charged.

Williams has been indicted on three previous occasions but never convicted. He called the new charges against him "a damn lie." One of 12 children, he grew up in the Midwest and made steady progress through "Teamster

Williams a de facto Mafia subsidiary



rank in the Kansas City area, becoming Central States Conference chairman in 1976. Sponsored by Malmo Civella, Williams pushed through a plan requiring union members to rent cars from an agency controlled by organized members of his own crew—and for the members of their own crew. Other government documents suggest Williams has participated in a money-laundering operation, drawing some \$180,000 a week from Las Vegas casino revenues. CSP officials claim that Civella and recruited fake Durfords are still holding back from交代 from the CSP. It is clear from these and other documents that Roy Lee Williams was simply a lever manipulated by organized crime for his own objectives. The CSP is said to have videotaped the Teamsters' office in Kansas City, producing some 500 pages of conversations,

if made public, says one Senate investigator, "they will blow Rep. Williams sky-high." But it is not at all clear where the current reckoning will lead. The Teamsters backed Ronald Reagan in the 1980 campaign, the only major union to do so, and that support helped him carry most critical states. In 1977, Williams and others were removed as trustees of the CSP, charged with mismanagement. Independent trustees were then hired; their four-year terms expire in 1983, but a special panel of the "Champions" leadership will want to take direct control. Whether they will be allowed to is ultimately Ronald Reagan's decision. □

Demolition derby on the hustings

Politicians are refusing to call the result of this week's New Jersey gubernatorial primary election in, but they are even refusing to call it an election. Locally, it is being referred to as the demolition derby, a 26-candidate fight (eight Republicans, 13 Democrats) as chaotic and unpredictable as a Saturday night roughhouse. Ironically, the confusion is in the result of an election law designed to simplify or expand. For the first time, any voter who could name \$50,000 from individual donations could then qualify for two state dollars for every \$5 private contribution.

The state expects to date out up to \$45 million before primary day, June 2, in a collection of candidates noted more for their colorful backgrounds than their policies. On the Democratic side, candidates range from unknowns such as former high school teacher Herbert Baubler to front-runners Congressmen Robert Kline and James Florio and Newark Mayor Kenneth Gibson, the

Gibson (below left) and Kline (above) did battle in Saturday night roughhouse



only black candidate, who survived just-forgotten department accusations that campaign funds from his 1974 mayoral race were stashed in a personal Swiss bank account. The Republican slate is just as varied, from Newark assemblyman Tony Imperiale, a former karate instructor, to favorites Thomas Kean, endorsed by former president Gerald Ford, and autohouse entrepreneur Joseph (Bo) Salvatore.

Salvatore and Democrat Kline have refused public funding, making waste of six dollars their major campaign issue, and it is doubtful if the others—or the taxpayers—have got their money's worth. To break out of the pack, candidates have had to turn to outside sources. Jerry City Mayor Thomas F.X. Smith's campaign finance strategy is taking off: his 100th birthday is aptly marked with a class of his fans gathered with him, to illustrate what he believes his opponents are doing to his record. But no, the evidence is that the poll is in no more than a confining blur for most voters. A survey released last week by the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers University revealed that fewer than one in four New Jerseyans could recognize even the major candidates. As a result, the state's present governor, Brendan Byrne, who originally backed public financing, now says he would prefer a sound-round runoff to determine each party's eventual nominee. And several other states, including New York, are reportedly rethinking their own schemes for publicly funded primaries.

Still, there may well be a big payoff for the losers from their television exposure. James Ballou, the Eagleton's amiable director, reports that one of the respondents in their survey sounded particularly confident on hearing the name of a particular candidate. "Oh, I know him," she answered. "Isn't he the one on the American Express commercials?" —Eric Charnow



A 146, **Nana Mouskouri**, the Greek diva, has come for her black-rimmed glasses and classically treated soprano voice, has gone weary. "It's really not a change, just an evolution in my voice," she says of her Scarborough-produced album *Concert*. **Winnie McNaught** does admit it is a long way from the young girl who looked herself in her Paris mirror for three days after hearing **Kate Piatt**. "Because I was ashamed to call myself a singer." In between was her 1964 discovery by Harry Belafonte, their two-year tour which made her reputation, the 350 crowds, endless calls for encores and, at last count, 71 gold and platinum records. Modestly she says, "There have been very lucky in fact, life has always smiled on me."

Peter Langford has no grave concern about resource ownership, but fellow-Albertan **Paul Gysen** isn't. "It's crazy to be squabbling about the resources when there are series of oil and gas in water spaces," says the Portersburg, Alta., teacher who is forming a Western Canada chapter of the L-L Society, dedicated to collecting in space. Named after liberation point No. 5, a point where a spacecraft can orbit and remain in the same position between the earth and the sun, the L-L Society hopes to use a wheel-shaped habitat for 10,000 in order to serve commuting workers involved in moon mining. Known as **Astrocamp**, Gysen, 38, is still the only member in the town of 300, 125 km southeast of Edmonton. "I guess people around here want to keep their feet on the ground," she says. "I picture myself in a Red Baron seat flying off to the moon someday."



Gysen: Hoping to head for outer space



Mouskouri: a new Nashville hit



Langford: cowering with teammate Derrick Taylor, a shocking play over

Canadian composers were to rare then we practically had to rent out studios," recalls **John Watmough**, founding father of the Canadian League of Composers, whose 150 members will gather at the University of Windsor this month for a winging birthday party celebrating their 30th anniversary. Watmough, 68, professor emeritus of the University of Toronto's faculty of music, remembers having a gloomy discussion about the slight decline in composers in the kitchen of his North Toronto home one night in 1981 with two of his students, **Manye Sorensen** and **Sam**

Three. "It was the only uniform I had, as I wore it," says **Lawrence**, 28, who intends to turn to the stage in the off-season. "But right now I'm more interested in winning another Grey Cup than my drama critic's award."

The Canadian film industry has produced a few money movies, but none of them had won a prize at an international film festival. That changed last week in Cannes when **Ken Loach**'s five-hour-plus short documentary, the epicentre of a major festival of papers, won a Special Jury Award for its **directors**, **Magdalene** brothers **Janet**

and Bojan. His novelist wife, **Helen**, told them to "stop the cameras and start doing something." A baked cherry pie followed her advice, and that night the trio decided to draft the league's constitution. **Watmough**, the composer of 90 major works, admits he is better known abroad than in Canada and he is deeply concerned about the average earnings of league members, which hover at about \$14,000 a year. Last month, however, **Watmough** brightened visibly when he received a \$20,000 Molson Award for his musical achievements. "It's the first cash prize I ever won," he says. "And I've just bought myself my first case of Molson ale."

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Regina and **Andre Lamont**, and its producer, the National Film Board. **Leve** would do very well plumping up confectionary sales before showings of the other well-reviewed but pretentious Canadian entry, **Albuquerque Sheen**, a feature by Toronto film-maker **Clayborne**.

After five years in a stand-up comedy specialisation, a multiple personality, **Chas Licciardi** got out of "jumping back and forth" and "going to myself," so he teamed up with **Greenwood** actress **Suzanne Couture** — and they have been touring to each other ever since. "It's a wonderful message to send across" schizophrenia," says **Couture**, who plays *Viva the Nurse* in Lavender's all-right Toronto 99 character **Chucky the Security Guard**. **Couture** and **Lavender** wrote their own sketches



Lavender, Couture: jolted at the 99th, but still managing to avoid schizophrenia

and in their cabaret, *revue*, joined at the 99th play a variety of characters from television matriarchs to owners **Mac Poy** and **Sherry**, *Wise*, of the *Architectural* **Gas** and **Electric** company. **High** **lunch** at **The Economy Book of Animals**, chronicling 400 species over the past nine months. "We like people to see the absurdity in what we do," says **Lavender**.

Winged funeral director **Edward Coates**,丧葬业者, used to form his defense minister **James Richardson**, is trying his hardest to dispatch **Planes** **Trotman**'s political career to the final resting place he believes it deserves. Trotman is scheduled to speak Wednesday at a film-a-plate Liberal Fund-raising dinner; Coates has been arguing party faithful to stay away in droves to let **PET** know he's no longer persona grata. "We've got to let this lame-duck plane minister know he's dwelling on irrelevant issues such as the conserva-

tion when Canada is really facing economic disaster," he fumes. "We've sent out 500 letters and responses have been great." Local Liberal organizers say publicly about his boyhood is actually helping them sell more tickets, a claim **Couture** dismisses. "A lot of big firms have to buy tickets because they need to get government contracts," he says, "but it doesn't mean they have to use those tickets."

Vancouver Island author **David Day** leaps from Middle-earth to the surface this September. A Canadian publisher rejected his idea for *The Tolkien Bestiary*, a learned compen-



Princess and piano player royal apples

Like a thief in the night

No one can stop Expos rookie Tim Raines from stealing bases



Raines slides safely into home plate, beaten by Lee Brock in his prime.

By Hal Quinn

The stolen base has been a part of the grand old game as long as peanuts and Cracker Jack, but it was Ty Cobb, the Georgia Peach, who perfected it. As famous for his hitting as his hitting, Cobb was a base-stealing machine, too. In his 20-year career, Cobb stole 1,055 bases. It wasn't until 1982 that Maury Wills broke Cobb's record, becoming the first player to steal more than 100 bases, and it was back in 1971 that Lee Brock set the current standard of 135. But now, unlike the era of Cobb, Wills and Brock when the odd individual speed leagues, teams have whole groups of players swinging bases (the Montreal Expos have 16), and in numbers that display no reverence for their legendary predecessors. Last season, 1,286 more bases were stolen than 10 years earlier. The tandem of Expos Bo LeFlore (97) and Rodney Scott (88) swiped away with a major league record 186.

It was LeFlore's exploits that caused many to wonder why the Expos so meekly allowed him to escape this season to the Chicago White Sox. The team's lack of concern was quickly expressed by manager Dick Williams at the Expos spring training camp. "I think we might have someone who can replace LeFlore." There were few doubts in Williams' mind for he was

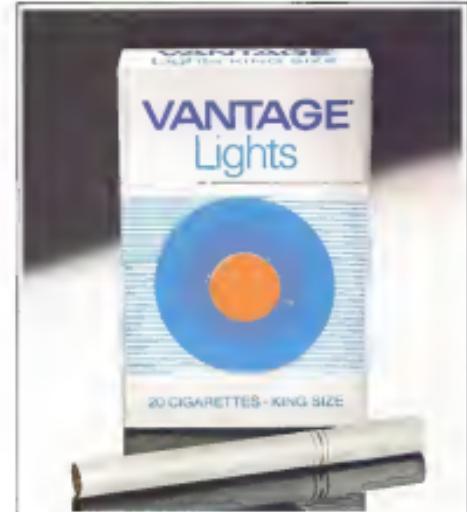
thinking of rookie Tim Raines, and since the first few games of the season, there have been no doubts elsewhere.

Joe Morgan, a second baseman now with the San Francisco Giants, knows base stealing (338 in his career) from both sides, arresting and escaping. His experiences with the 21-year-old Raines, however, are all about bases. "You see the ball and you run," he says, "and you know when you've got the guy. I know we had Raines. He was safe. Over the last 25 feet, he exploded." I

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they haven't bothered the muscular Floridian,沉ined down from his minor-league days when his grit earned him his nickname, "Rock." "I've been playing baseball since I was seven years old," he said last week, "and I've always been a fan. My start can't surprise me. I knew I could do major-league pitching [but] I never expected to be a 200-mile [left-handed, 80-mile right-handed] and, if I'm on base, I can start bases." He has been doing it so well that Kansas fans have all but forgotten Ron LeFlore. "He is a better left fielder than LeFlore is a position," Bassett has not played before, being primarily a second baseman] and has a better arm," says manager Williams. "LeFlore's slide 37 with a .296 average, and I have to think that Tim will hit for a higher average. He could steal well over 200 bases."

Williams points out a difference between LeFlore and the sky, almost always smiling Bassett. "He's totally on selfish. When LeFlore slide second and the ball comes into centre field, he'd be standing there, dusting himself off, thinking about stealing third. Bassett, he's up and on his way to third." His selfishness comes ever to deferring attention from himself. "He's [joiner, Soller and Davis] is the best at his position in baseball, and he's always helping me with my fielding. And the best second liner in baseball [Rodney (Co) Rivers Scott] is always measuring himself and allowing me to stand. And there's many guys on this team that can stand and they tip me to pitchers' moves to first."

Bassett has now seen all the teams in the Major division and is writing his own "book" as pitchers. But as yet he has officially sealing one that has treated him: "Well, there was one relief pitcher in San Francisco, he was a little tough. I don't remember his name." Already, and probably for years to come, the opposite is not true. □

A late and long-distance feeling

I t was such a dramatic, even bizarre, occasion, yet even his father didn't learn of it until two days later. On Saturday, May 24, 25-year-old Carling Bassett of Toronto became the youngest competitor and first Canadian to win a junior (under-18) Grand Prix tennis match, the Belgian International. "We were wondering how she did," her father, John Bassett Jr., admitted after receiving a call from Carling on Monday. In the final, Bassett fought off Orly Rybansky of Israel, 75, 64, for her upset win. The victory ranks Bassett as Canada's brightest junior pros-



Didn't anyone here win this race?

The race had been over for six days, but at week's end no one was yet sure who had won the Indianapolis 500. After circling the track 200 times at an average speed of more than 200 km/h, a jubilant Bobby Unser took two, rather than the traditional one, victory laps. It appeared to be his third Indy victory and, at 47, it seemed that Unser had become the oldest driver to win the historic race. "This is the second and most exciting victory I've had here," he told the crowd. "Things kind of went my way this month."

They went Unser's way for as long as it took the apparent second-place finisher, Mario Andretti, to protest that Unser had passed a number of cars under the customary yellow flag, raced in order to close the cars and wait them to hold positions after accidents. Karin



Andretti posing as victor (top); Unser after racing who won this race anyway?

Monday morning, Indy officials declared Andretti the winner. It was the first win in the 65-year history of the race that a victory had been certified by anyone. Unser's Penske (10.5) finished second for his second Indy team. Andretti's second place, \$186,625. Andretti then passed for a lonely victory photo on the empty track. However, it still wasn't over.

Roger Penske, owner of Unser's car, quickly fled the protest before Andretti had a chance to fulfill his prophecy. "I'll have to forever explain and apologize for how I won the race," Andretti said. Penske's first two protests were turned down, but late last Thursday night the U.S. Auto Club (UAC) received two appeals from Penske's lawyers. One claimed that Unser's win was unfairly taken away, the second that Andretti had committed the same violations for which Unser was penalized.

The speedway is dark, the crowds are gone, but the money is still in the bank and UAC has 30 days to decide who won this year's Indy 500. □

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ENERGY

Propane cars are hitting the road

By Andrew Weirer

I used to be simply learned away as an annoying waste product of natural gas and oil refining. Later it gained limited acceptance for heating factories and powerplants. Even today, half of Canada's 330,000 barrels-a-day production of propane gas goes unused domestically and is exported to the U.S. and Japan. That may change, fast. Next year, Ford Motor Co. of Canada begins to sell the first factory-produced propane-powered trucks available anywhere in North America. In the fall, the company will offer 1,500 propane passenger cars—Grandads and Cougars—another North American first. Five thousand more will follow in the 1988 model year, and 15,000 in 1990. It's a small beginning, but Ford Chairman Roy Bennett predicts that by 1995, 10 per cent of all Canadians cars could be running on our current propane export surplus.

Meanwhile, the conversion of gasoline vehicles to propane is gaining momentum. Terry Holloman, propane manager of the Ontario government's (DFO) motor fuel program, estimates that there have been 2,000 such conversions in Ontario—the centre of Canadian propane production—since last summer. In New York, president of Monarch Propane Inc., a longtime propane marketing company now active in vehicle conversions, points out that until last summer the biggest conversion marketplace is Ontario, operated out of 100 gas bars. Now, he says, "the industry is growing at a fantastic rate": 30 to 35 per cent a month at Monarch's seven conversion centres—while dodging companies sensible for parts.

Before a conventional vehicle can run on propane, the fuel tank and carburetor must be replaced and new equipment installed to control fuel flow—at an average cost of \$1,500. A motorist and attendant gas in its natural form, propane liquifies under pressure in this liquid form; it passes into the fuel tank in the converter, however. It becomes a dry gas that burns more cleanly in the carburetor than gasoline, reducing both air pollution and the need for regular engine maintenance.

Propane's advantages make it a common transportation fuel in Italy, Holland, Belgium and Japan. But it has only recently become economically feasible in Canada, notably in Ontario, where last spring the provincial government removed the five-cent-a-litre



Larock fueling converted car (top).
Pon with propane outlets runs, ordinary
motorists proceed with caution



road tax on propane and dropped the nine-per-cent sales tax on vehicles powered by alternative fuels as part of a campaign against dependence on imported oil. Given the sharp hike in gasoline prices since then, propane now sells for about 65 per cent of the price of regular unleaded gasoline in Ontario. So far no other province has followed Ontario's lead, although the cities of Calgary, Edmonton, Winnipeg and Vancouver are experimenting with propane service vehicles on a small scale.

A lower pump price does not signal price savings to the motorist: a litre of propane contains about 25 per cent less energy (30,000 BTUs) than a litre of gasoline. So, says, "propane should be as available as diesel is now"—allowing ordinary motorists to share in the savings. ☐

But because propane burns more efficiently than gasoline, the energy gap narrows to an average of 15 per cent less mileage in a converted vehicle. And according to Joe Fox, alternative fuels coordinator for Ford of Canada, high octane propane engines in the new propane cars will narrow the gap even further: 16 per cent, allowing 300 highway mileage of 11 km per litre. This, however, fails to practically explain why, after extensive testing, most of the alternative fuel options—including methanol, natural gas and compressed natural gas—Fox has pushed the propane option to the forefront. To take advantage of it, the motorist will pay about \$12,000 more than the price of a comparable gasoline-powered car. But as Pon points out, this is cheaper than after-tax insurance, and offers the customer "a one-stop shopping and a product fully backed by the vehicle manufacturer."

The cars will be available to anyone, but Pon admits that "the primary appeal will be to government and commercial fleets able to install their own fueling facilities." For the individual driver, supply of the fuel presents a problem. Though Ford will be distributing a directory of Canadian propane outlets, such outlets are rare outside major urban areas—so elusive, in fact, that outlets were a few decades ago. Yet with ESSO and Canadian Tire among the companies already experimenting with propane outlets, Larock expects propane distribution facilities to expand rapidly. "In two or three years," he says, "propane should be as available as diesel is now"—allowing ordinary motorists to share in the savings. ☐

Difficult charges: punish kids or protect them?

Quebec's Youth Protection Act unleashes delinquents

By James Loken

It was a grimy, familiar scene. A youth court judge in Montreal was preparing to release a boy, charged with a minor larceny offence, into his mother's care. The mother, not enthused, revealed a startling new fact: in the past—the boy had already been arrested three times before, not for major offenses but for armed robbery. Yet none of these cases was ever brought to court. The criminal charges, it appeared, had all been "diverted" from the courts under a controversial procedure

and meant to be diverted. "It was a real mess," admits Lucien Boisvert, youth protection director for Montreal Ville-Marie. "Things were done then that make me cringe when I think of them now."

The Quebec National Assembly members clearly did not foresee these pitfalls when they implemented the act—inspired in part by the 1979 International Year of the Child and also by a general climate of reform in the Parti Québécois government. For then it constitutes a radical departure from the traditional treatment of juvenile social

problems—an umbrella administration encompassing youth problems ranging from child abuse to juvenile delinquency. And as the child or the poster testifying at the act previously demonstrated, children are accorded formal legal rights, including independent legal counsel and extensive rights of appeal. "This is a very good law for the victims of child abuse," says youth court Judge André Faustino. "But regarding juvenile delinquency, it's been a disaster."

Under the old system, juvenile offenders arrested faced a Crown prosecutor who would decide whether the charges against them warranted a hearing. Now that decision is made by one of the province's 16 youth protection directors, one of them, however. They and their staff of social workers, in consultation with the ministry of justice, de-

cide what measures to take. In cases of delinquency, the director may send the matter to court, recommend sentencing or probation services, or simply close the file. This system has bogged down in practice, however. "We send juveniles, then walk up to six months for a decision from the youth protection director," complains Laurent Léveillé of the Montreal police. "Meanwhile, the kids are back on the street free to commit new crimes."

At the heart of the controversy is the question of the role of diversion from the courts and to victims that directors and social workers are abusing their powers by being too lenient on hard-core offenders. So says one angry judge: "They think every juvenile is a victim." André Fausto Mander, who heads a committee of the Quebec bar association studying the role of lawyers under the act, agrees, and argues that fewer cases should be diverted. "If you deal with children in victims whom they commit rape and murder, it only encourages them to be irresponsible." In response to such criticism, youth protection director and social worker Ruth Tannenbaum retorts: "We're not here to judge the public."

The future of Quebec's diversion procedure is now uncertain, however, in the wake of a court action by an ex-st. Jerome woman who was mugged by a 17-year-old youth in March, 1979. Even though the injuries from the attack had not been serious, the youth protection director decided the man and simply referred the boy to psychiatric counselling. He further refused to allow the

defendant to appear in court.

Critics of the act blame it for an alarming jump in youth crime rates—up 30 per cent since 1979, the first year of its application. Concerns about Quebec juvenile violence has peaked after the murder of an elderly lady during a pants-snatching last month in Montreal and the holding of a daycare bank at passport by a 16-year-old boy who made his getaway on a bicycle. Many Quebec police and prosecutors are quick to point the finger at the act, and even the most ardent defenders of the legislation admit it was poorly implemented, allowing serious offenses such as rape

and murder to be diverted. "It was a real mess," admits Lucien Boisvert, youth protection director for Montreal Ville-Marie. "Things were done then that make me cringe when I think of them now."

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cide to change the youth under the Federal Juvenile Delinquency Act. Youchette said for that right and was, and the experience has convinced her that the act is severely misguided. "I agree with you that protection should be helped too," Quebec Superior Court has since upheld the case and ruled that several sections of the act infringe on federal powers over criminal law.

The constitutional issues raised by Youchette's case are now on the Supreme Court of Canada's docket. Ironically, the new federal Young Offenders Act, now in second reading, adopts much of the philosophy of the Quebec act and explicitly sanctions the concept of diversion. Federal officials have been carefully monitoring the Quebec experience. "Certainly we've been sensitive to the problems and concerns expressed over diversion," says Judge Oscar Archambault, policy director for young offenders with the ministry of the attorney-general. Archambault stresses, however, that the federal act contains procedural safeguards that are not present in the Quebec act, including the right of anyone to lay a criminal charge.

Archambault also emphasizes that diversion programs under the proposed federal legislation would be left to provincial initiative—often on the local level. But even in provinces where some measure of diversion has been attempted (only Quebec has a province-wide program), there is little enthusiasm. "We get some pressure, we think," says Associate Chief Judge Walter Vito of the provincial court of Alberta. "It doesn't provide the same protection for juveniles as the full judicial process." There are court reporters, we're told, no juries.

In Quebec the other major debate concerns essentially a clash of values. Social workers stress preventive programs while the police and prosecutors place a sterner punitive solution. Others argue sheer practicality. "Diversion is a good thing," says Paul Grégoire, a legal aid lawyer in Montreal. "It keeps the trifling cases out of court." Certainly Quebec's critical shortage of group homes and detention centres would bolster this view. Violent delinquents escape frequently from alternative facilities while other children wait up to 10 months for treatment.

"This is the real tragedy," says Fausto Mander. "After that period of time they are put not the same—they're completely inaccessible. I may be critical," she adds, "but that's because I deal with children every day who are not being helped the way they should be. Too many people are more concerned with protecting this law than protecting the children."



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CANADIAN BOTTLED DISTILLERY LTD.

An allergic reaction to modern life

Specialists reach toward a cure for a baffling syndrome that appears to be on the increase

By Joann Webb

Sometimes she thought it was all in her head. Yet psychiatrist's preoccupation with her fears, though the sickest malaise—the needle pricks, aches-like stomach pains, rashes and migraines, the exhaustion and depression Doctors told the 33-year-old Money technician it was the stress of her work and new marriage—but no matter what Ottawans Nolma did—and she tried quitting her job, appealing to a long list of specialists, even moving from an old furnished house to an apartment in the city—her condition only worsened.

Six years later, Nolma and her husband, John, live in another furnished room near Ottawa, where the walls are unpainted, the furnishings sparse. Without such sterile living quarters, Catherine quite simply, would die. She



Catherine Nolma, 33, suffers from multiple sensitivities



Brian Snail with his covered phone adapting a healthful environment

can't work, can't bear children, rarely leaves the house. A few—several phone connects her to the world. "I don't ever expect to be the way I used to be," she sighs.

Nolma now understands that she is a casualty of total allergy syndrome, a thoroughly modern condition brought to public attention recently when British pop singer Shirlie Hollins, near death, was admitted to a clinic for hyperactive allergy sufferers in Dallas, Tex. These women are part of a growing group of people who are allergic to the 20th century—to the whole synthetic environment of pesticides,

preservatives, plastics, processed foods and other potentially toxic substances that have proliferated since the Second World War. But only now are specialists recognizing that total allergy syndrome is not just a freak disease. "More and more people are experiencing physical symptoms on exposure to a large range of substances in their environment," says Brian Snail, president of the Toronto chapter of the 600-member Human Ecology Foundation of Canada, an organization dedicated to providing information about environmental allergies. In fact, he estimates that at least 50 per cent of the population suffers to

some degree from "sensitivity"—that is, some sensitivity to the chemicals that are everywhere in urban air, water, food and furnishings.

Small, an engineer, and his wife, Barbara, an office worker, found themselves as allergic in their work and home environments that in 1977 they set out to build Canada's first environmental ecological house at Goodwood, a farming community near Toronto. Sunlight Farm, their 35-room pollution-free house, was designed not only to serve as a sort of halfway house for the Snails, but also to teach and assist who used to withdraw to a space where the chemicals that trigger them have been eliminated or minimized.

Both the Snails and Catherine Nolma have been treated by Dr. John Martineau of Hamilton, Ont., who became a pioneer in Canadian clinical sensitivity (the study of environmental allergies) 20 years ago in search of answers to his many "patients" in traditional allergy medicine, which still focuses on the reactions associated with natural substances such as pollen and dust. Although Martineau's syndrome is a tiny fraction of the population, it is "extremely sensitive," as Nolma, Barbara and the Snails, and other clinical ecologists (there are now about 20 in Canada) can only make such estimates by pooling their clinical experience. The condition remains mysterious. It has never been studied in a scientifically valid way—for the simple reason that the medical

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establishment has yet to acknowledge its existence. Says MacLean, "Surveillance research won't be undertaken until society accepts that many chronic diseases are environmentally caused."

Clinical researchers theorize that those who suffer are, as MacLean puts it, "ecologically maladapted"—born with an above-average sensitivity to contaminants. It is thought that minor allergy crosses over into debilitating syndrome after massive exposure to chemicals. Like 20 per cent of the population, Nelme had been an old-fashioned allergy sufferer (she couldn't tolerate strawberries) until her system became overloaded by a triple whammy of pollutants within 18 months. First, the extermination of bedbugs in her farmhouse; second, the annual spraying of the orchard that surrounded the house; third, the spraying of her Ottawa high-rise because of a salmonella infestation.

As with all allergies, says MacLean, "the first line of defense is avoidance." But it's almost impossible to avoid a chemical such as formaldehyde, which is found (to name just a few sources) in fresh air, carpeting, upholstery, tobacco smoke, perfume, press clothes and the recently banned area-foamicide type foam insulation. Still, MacLean is optimistic that, once identified, even noxious environmental allergens can be controlled and in fact, maybe even cured. First, to target the chemical irritants, pharmaceuticals are followed by isolation of the patient from as many irritants as possible. Next, chemicals are reintroduced one by one, in successive increments. Then, follows a long and expensive process—sometimes several years—of decontamination and nutritional supplements to help the body detoxify organs (its kidneys). Afflicted patients can build their own version of Springfield. Patients make do by adapting their own homes. Nelme has recovered enough to make rare visits to nearby friends—as long as no one wears perfumed substances or smokes. Thirty-one-year-old Randi James of St. Catharines was so sick with undiagnosed allergies three years ago that she had to send her three daughters away to be cared for by relatives, now she hopes to be "normal enough" to hold down a job within a year.

Perhaps the single most frustrating concern downstream is not only the lack of understanding—on the part of doctors, the general public, legislators. Nelme knows that her husband was unhooked by the same protocols that almost killed her, but she worries about the future for people like herself who have minimal tolerance for environmental contaminants. She sighs, "If we only 10 or 20 per cent of people get sick, does that mean it doesn't matter?" □



ADVERTISING

Toy maker tests Quebec's ban on children's ads

Saturday mornings in the no rooms of suburban Quebec are like Saturday mornings anywhere else in North America—every kid is glued to the tube, watching cartoon. Sodiers, Tatians the taurines, Vile & Co. Goyards and dabbled Jollypops. But there are more, more, more—the irreverent *Yogi Bear*. But surprisingly, outside the Quebec programming in the old hall and in private, the cartoonists. Since 1979, when Quebec's Consumer Protection Act banned advertising directed at children under 12—a move unique in North America—there have been no奔放广告 for toys and no "kid's" pitches by the peddlars of sugar-sweet breakfast cereals. In their place are sober notices for upcoming programs, each duly approved by Quebec's Consumer Protection Board. The board has also prescribed guidelines that restrict child-oriented commercials to shows with an audience of less than 15 per cent children, even if the shows are broadcast during prime time.

The structures have aggravated one toy manufacturer, Irwin Toy of Toronto, so that it has brought its complaint to the federal legal wranglings with the board. Company Vice-President Mac Irwin complains that he is "effectively putting a ban on the advertising of toys in Quebec." To follow the guidelines would mean we would be advertising toys sometime after one o'clock in the morning." On Dec. 8, Irwin became the first company to be charged under the law and last fall it used 219 commercials touting Skippy toys, miniature Darth Vader and Strawberry Shortcake dolls. Each transmission carries a minimum fine of \$1,000. Just before charges were

lodged, Irwin swiftly filed an action challenging the constitutionality of the ban. The board considers that an attempt to stifle the ponytails, bows, snowmobiles, argues that Quebec's attempt to legislate in the field of TV advertising is a broadcasting matter which falls under federal jurisdiction. Now the board is seeking an injunction barring the contestants—other than those from Irwin—in advertising to 12s.

The premises of the law—that children's critical faculties are undeveloped—also plays a role in the fracas. When the law was first adopted, Irwin modified its commercials, directing them at adults by adding complex words. But Pierre Vilas, the board's lawyer, claims that the jingles and children's notices in the company's ads were still aimed directly at the under-12 set. On the other hand, Boyd Brown, president of the Canadian Toy Manufacturers' Association, supports Irwin and feels its redesigned ads comply with the law. But even he points out that the ad broadcasting industry voluntarily dropped appeals to preschoolers long ago. "You'll find that kids older than that are pretty sharp about detecting what they want," he says.

The board does acknowledge one of the toy maker's charges—that the ban on child-oriented ads is making it hard for Quebec stations to find sponsors for their Saturday morning programming, and could that make the French-speaking *Yogi Bear* an endangered species. Perhaps Vilas' "Children's shows will probably just become a sort of commodity service provided by the networks, the same way news is now on some stations." —LARRY BLACK



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BUSTIN' LOOSE
Directed by Ed Bratton

In a bland performance a few years ago, the once-funny Robert P. Gorman, in *Conquest*, played a racist about whom blacks and whites respond to grieve. The whites snuff politeness, the blacks go crazy and tear their hair out. In *Bustin' Loose*, in which Peyer plays Joe Bratton, a small-time crook formed by his parole officer (Robert Sherman) to drive eight disturbed children and their crazy teacher from Philadelphia to Washington state in a broken-down bus, Peyer plays on the comic chasm separating blacks and whites. The teacher, Miss Perry, played by Cindy Tyson, is simultaneously concerned—a Miss De-Good who only wants a parent job to be white. The kids, an obese mix, include a pyromaniac, an 11-year-old prostitute and a blind kid who likes to drive. Seeking help to get his bus out of the mud, Joe meets a Ku Klux Klan outfit in the woods and, thinking quickly, tells them he's transporting the kids "in the Ray Charles Institute for the Blind." Wise to the plan, the kids start grasping at the air around them and banging into each other.

Peyer's goal, which was kept under wraps in *Conquest*, is his celebration of the same differences between black and white perception, but it is also his



Peyer with Tyson (top) and about the difference between black and white

refusal to consider anything sacred—being black, being black, even his own accident a year ago (the path is so far when he doesn't know it is so far and still a lighted cigar dangles his bolo-the pocket). In addition to writing the original story, he produced *Bustin' Loose*, and it is the first movie to allow him to extend his range as an actor and keep his comic charm. That wild look in his eyes and coded nervous energy belong as much to Joe Bratton as Richard Pryor, but it's Pryor, the superb physical comedian, who gives us a bullet while slapping in the mud or, awakened in the middle of the night and totally confused, searches for his clothes as though he were blind.

Pryor colors Joe Bratton's character with the patina of being olive, black and accident-prone. But there is another dimension to him. He understands why kids get in trouble and devotes their neurons, and he knows how to get them to start respecting themselves. Drip down his saliva and use of the great pleasures of the moment is watching prima Miss Perry rock the way Edie Adams Hepburn did when charged by circumstances to the gift-giving. Interestingly, among Robert's other African Queen *Tragically Yours!* (longer is nothing more than a series of contrived episodes stitched reasonably well together, it has to have been a local family picture. Far from that, two other actors have given an appealing and inventive performance as this one. He has honed his bark beautifully.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Headline without the story

THE FAN
Directed by Edward Zwick

The *Fan* is a kind of *Cruising* by *Mad*. A young man (Michael Richards), short when we are told very little, works his way to a Broadway star, Sally Rose (Lauren Bacall), about whom we are told as much. The letters, telegraphed by the star's secretary (Maeve Stapleton), become increasingly sharp, not to mention pornographic. Soon, people near and dear to the star, including the secretary, are victims of vicious race attacks and stabbings until it is obvious that the fan, his admiration perverted into a confused hatred, is bent to kill the star. This is a movie that made its distributor, Paramount Pictures, so nervous they tried to keep its release as quiet as possible. By that time, Mark David Chapman had killed his idol, John Lennon, and John Hinckley Jr., a fan of

METAMORPHOSIS

I am no longer
the man I have been.
—Byron



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actress Julie Christie, had shot Ronald Reagan.

Rather than examine the psychology (and often, psychism) of fascism, *The Fox* steadily opts for the swift, one-dimensional shock. The director, a newcomer named Edward Zwick who hews now from Hitchcock, De Palma and Scorsese to produce a stark, thoughtful package, strips most of the action from the damaged fable's point of view. This is itself not unacceptable, but when the character is nothing more than a crip, somehow one feels contaminated by watching. Explanations of the fable's behavior are tenuous and token, his



Christie inspires those early feelings

background a thin-lined sketch. The movie also has the gall to strongly suggest it might mean that the film is gay and then never refers to it again—as if that wacky group didn't have enough trouble already.

As for the star, Sally Struthers is hard to believe she's gone. She looks assembled with a one-wit, talent charisma—smirks much in evidence, a situation that's helped not at all by the fact that Lauren Bacall can't get her way out of a paper bag. As a would-be soubrette, she's impotent to the movie as a score or less. Still, the bitch and get it over with" bumper-the same name feelings are so offensively and crudely delivered. The film ends an inauspicious effort. We don't feel worse, merely free-floating anxiety, deadened interest in tragedy.

For the fable, fantasy is a substitute for an ungratified reality. It's a safety device that everyone "the world over," an anachor or personal effect from the beloved is a kind of oasis in itself. The Fox never derives into this unobtrusively. His main concern is to discover new and unusual ways of showing people getting lost. It is itself a fable of the most disaffected sort. —L.C.T.

BOOKS

Detached remembrances of an uncertain age

A LIFE IN OUR TIMES: MEMOIRS
by John Kenneth Galbraith
(Thomas Allen, \$17.95)

At one point in *A Life in Our Times*, his new volume of memoirs, John Kenneth Galbraith reminisces about his boyhood in Ontario—specifically about the golf that split between the good Sons (parents who voted for the own people) and the bawden Sons of English stock. In the first couple of decades of this century, he writes this “political change” was a fact of life. Yet one “never even looked any righteous opportunity to pass or, if opportunity generated, to forfeit” the other side. Such statements are about as close to Galbraith, the best and best-known popularizer of economics, as one can get to a biography. Taking his new leave to heart, Galbraith becomes the most absent there in the role of the American establishment—but by self-invention rather than confrontation. The book entitled not only a full career at Harvard, where he was, he confesses, an indifferent teacher, but a long series of jobs, commissions and appointments in the public sector, which is largely what this book records.

All the while, Galbraith has also been a most prolific author (thus is his list books), and here's his dilemma.

So much of his story has told so many times before that *A Life in Our Times* comes out sounding a bit like *The Best of Galbraith*. To his credit, Galbraith knows what he was getting into. “If you continue to write,” he states in conclusion, “you have especially to be on guard against the tendency to慷慨地写自己.” The effect of this is such that one might reasonably read *A Life in Our Times* either as a sort of ready reference or as reflecting the author's view of his work as a work of very faint power for private sale, as most readers are apt to.

In some ways, the turning point of Galbraith's career was not when he joined the brain drain, or when he went to work for Franklin Roosevelt, but when he left his future patron, John F. Kennedy. It was when he became involved with Henry Luce the staff at *Time* Fortune gave him access to the workings of huge US corporations, helping



Galbraith: a variety of poses

to shape his view on the role of such companies in relation to government and the market. Perhaps more importantly, he learned journalistic style. Like Maxence Fletcher or Gore Vidal in other fields, he wrote breezy early novels and, over decades of scribbling to consumer magazines, taught how flinty and flabby.

It's a few snapshots that most people who enjoy his writing haven't noticed yet. Galbraith is widely and to have performed a steady Old World—as it were, Tory-style, but this is ridiculous when he is compared to someone like William P. Black Jr. who generally does write such genteel good goods. Galbraith, rather, writes very bold and direct paragraphs. Half of them will end in a bang or a bang—“It took in that moment, when he was reading his book, to realize that he had read *A Life in Our Times* as a sort of ready reference or as reflecting the author's view of his work as a work of very faint power for private sale, as most readers are apt to.”

In *Plenty the Other Point of View*, an artisan in a long-since kingdom, Black is in love with a woman and finds her beautiful—challenge to create a portrait of her so lifelike it speaks. The portrait's first words carry Black to ruinous, yet as the tale goes, Black, the painter and her picture explore, to a rocky harmonious

The gods and goddesses are almost ajar.

What is truly exceptional is Galbraith's two-part tone of voice. The first part in Galbraith's argument about reconciliation. He recalls how his father, a farmer and rural politician, would mount a canary pale in the riding and apologize to the assembled crowd “for speaking from the Tory platform.” But he won't extend the metaphor to conclude that he himself has succeeded in the U.S. as that west Canadian of beings, the Red Tory—a little odder and a little Tories than we ever used are used to, but a bit Tory all the same. And this in turn is closely tied to the fact he always maintains the posture of a detached, ironic master of life—even of his own. The result is that the jokes are wonderful and the passion and test that should inform them completely nonexistent. As G.K. Chesterton remarked of George Bernard Shaw, he gave off a lot of light—but absolutely no heat.

—DOUG FETHERLING

Between the moral and the possible

THE ART OF LIVING
by John Gardner
(Houghton Mifflin, \$14.95)

John Gardner amasses, barrows, steals (always with acknowledgement and) transforms. Grounded with the appetites of art and life, of literary and historical truth, he has produced in his relatively brief career several large novels, a few volumes of fairy tales, a biography of Chaucer and an epic poem on a classical theme. And more than, his second collection, *Presenting John at His Best*, voice-ranging best.

There are 30 poems in all, in diverse modes—public, Didactic and Faustian, down-home rural, comedy, evocative memoirs of childhood and adolescence, western and northern New York state. Many of the poems focus upon some arena of artistic expression, nearly all catch a crystalline moment and reflect it into a sort of glimmering range or sharp-edged narrative. The book is not as experienced in any aesthetic manner; Gardner's too much the amateurist for that. Still, it is marked with impressive surprises at every turn.

In *Plenty the Other Point of View*, an artisan in a long-since kingdom, Black is in love with a woman and finds her beautiful—challenge to create a portrait of her so lifelike it speaks. The portrait's first words carry Black to ruinous, yet as the tale goes, Black, the painter and her picture explore, to a rocky harmonious



A convoluted Gallic shrug

THE TURN-AROUND
by Vladimir Volkoff
(Clarke, Irwin, \$17.95)

Turner arrived a Russian spy master in seeking out a mole in a man's innermost nerves in *Gallic* (see my earlier review in *Clarke's* sidebar) and his Crown brass does much with his location to ensure every believable possible. The *Turn-around* by Vladimir Volkoff proves the genre is not defunct. This Gallic shrug of a spy novel, dedicated to no one less than Graham Greene, poaches some of the master's best ideas, combining them with fascinating characters and a complex, isolated plot.

The scene is postcolonial France during the mid-1960s, "a time when a tiny, newly fledged foreign government was busy picking the brains of France in earnest." Recreating the actual case is Léon, Cyril Volkoff, ex-espionage agent and dogbodied extraneousness to Lt.-Col. Pat. Chef du GSI, French Army Intelligence. The Shop is a tiny, bucolic backwater populated by the descendants of White Russian exiles who spend their days translating magazines, writing sophisticated treatises and playing word games in French and Russian. Suddenly, Volkoff finds himself threatened with transfer back to his根源, a sure ticket out of Paris and a posting abroad. He saves himself by creating a fake operation based on the targeting of the spy agent Pape, "the saint with the heart of gold."

He's familiar with Gardner's plot, with Volkoff's primary agenda—light and dark, river and valley, travel and fight. There's humor in these schemes, and a full measure of grisly, uncivilized power. He is a man hard on his characters. In his recent critical book, *On Moral Fiction*, he speaks approvingly of moral art which "seeks to improve life, not dismiss it," which "wishes to hold off, at least until the nadir of the gods, and not 'Gardner' even then standards easily."

What gives these stories their power is Gardner's interest in the connection between the moral and the possible. From first (*Neverwhere*, a worldly middle-aged man's perception of life and death as he encounters with a drowsy young girl) to last (*The Art of Living*), Gardner is consistently a romantic materialist. His stories are like the boy-poet's vivid pictures of gardens—"secrete in their depiction of both the beauty and the sadness of the world as it is." There's considerable expertise in this book, and courage and joy.

—DOUGLAS HILL



Volkoff, a plot like a cartoon!

Despite these plot twists, *The Turn-around* is a slow book. Volkoff's inability to get into the head of the Parisian White Russians is the point of revolution already fought and lost, but well remembered. There are also long philosophical digressions, physiological and other verbiage which feels conditioned by the non-action school well fed on odds, and references to historical and literary figures which many will not recognize.

Oddly enough, these references and digressions, because they are in character, don't detract from the novel. For all its cynical humor and extravagant plot, *The Turn-around* is to be savored like a fine wine. The fact that it was last year's French best seller and winner of the Prix Châtelaubrac indicates that the French will like their literature to be literary rather than simpatico. As Volkoff puts it, "Was not the embodiment of France...small, frivolous, whimsical, behind the times, unimportant, and yet he was forced to take me seriously?" One can enjoy the wit and the elegant sensuousness. "A lost original, too honourable respectfully to Mr. Graham Greene" reads the dedication. To Vladimir Volkoff, same.

—MARGARET CARSON

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. *Noble House*, Clarendon (2)
2. *The Government Inspector* (2)
3. *Goony Park*, Smith (2)
4. *Death of a Salesman* (2)
5. *Alpha, Omega* (2)
6. *A Woman Called Sepia*, Garry (2)
7. *Few Fall in Crimson*, MacDonnell (2)
8. *Berlin, Cook* (2)
9. *Frontierland*, King (2)
10. *Angels of Angels*, Sheldon (2)

Non-fiction

1. *Consen, Sages* (2)
2. *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide* (2)
3. *The Chinese, Fraser* (2)
4. *Paper Money*, Smith (2)
5. *Male Protection*, MacDonnell (2)
6. *Principles of Capital*, Peacock (2)
7. *The Northern Miner*, Green (2)
8. *Paradise, Peacock & Wright* (2)
9. *Wealth and Poverty*, Galbraith (2)
10. *The Easter's Gift*, Castleside (2)
11. *Forrest's War*

Volkoff hopes only to stall for time to find himself another measure. But in favor of *One Man in Moscow* and *The Jeeves*, *The Turn-around* will prove that the self-protective schisms have a way of overtaking their creators. His conned case is taken up by flat and together they scheme up trap. Paper through a window. The plots and subplots fail as Pape ignores the girl and discovers the whores. Just as Volkoff and Pat think all is lost, the turnaround occurs in a manner and style that only Greene and Volkoff could invoke. Once turned, the plot spins like a carousel.

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Showcase of promise

A stated aim of the Toronto Theatre Festival, which closed last week, was to compare home-grown products with a representative sampling of theatre from abroad. Wary of consistent media coverage that Canadian theatre was undivided and inferior, Toronto theatre companies resolved to display their dramatic best. The rest of the country, with a few exceptions, ungraciously declined, either believing or hoping that the festival would fail and prust the balloon of Toronto's purported cultural pre-eminence once and for all. The isolated supporters included Theatre Calgary's acclaimed production of *The Kite* by W.O. Mitchell, the Vancouver Playhouse's maligned Macbeth and a large contingent from Quebec who had no stakes in upholding theatre politics.

The result was quite unexpected. At the box-offices the festival was a qualified success, returns were estimated at 65 per cent instead of a hoped-for 75 to 80 per cent, leaving the festival's annual or biannual future status uncertain. Several of the 80 fringe productions closed early for want of audience, but the energy level at the Open Stage events—mostly performed in their surroundings at the Harbourfront complex on Lake Ontario—was proof of a reawakening of the vitality and variety of experimental theatre around the world.

The more established Canadian companies in the Main Stage series didn't fare so well. Proven favourites such as *Belknap's* and *Mugue et Poule*, as well as new hits such as *Factory Theatre*'s *Death of the Pimp*, had solid business. But once again inadequate preparations, the hallmark of as much new Canadian theatre, delayed the opening of *Requiesce* by one week and doomed *Montreal* and *Shadowbox* *Mus* to critical scorn. Since the festival was first announced last April, why weren't these productions ready? The blame falls on many shoulders, and if indigenous Canadian theatre is to become self-supporting, especially in a highly competitive city such as Toronto, this question must be answered in full.

The foreign companies were embarrassingly amateur (Shaw Festival productions excepted) in terms of professional acting technique, ensemble playing and production values. *Shadowbox* was the more evident than *Augmented Anna* by Italy's Teatro Stabile dell'Adriatico, a grandly conceived rendering of Christ's trial and execution with a jolting visual iconography



Lodge MacKinnon in "Augmented Anna" an unexpected result

that tapped the deepest sources of ritual and modern myth. *Belknap's* of the Berlin Ensemble, blazed through language barriers with his amateurish show of Brexit songs and poems and a gaudy display of acting gyroscopes. *Admetus* were also entranced by the clever impersonations of work and urban wit of the English alternate company, Traverse Theatre's *Shared Experience*.

An obvious conclusion to be drawn from the festival is that in much more time and money must be invested in the training of actors, directors, producers and theatre administrators. The stage direction priorities for producers and the Actors' Equity workshops were excellent forums, but the country's site-creating infrastructure needs substantial bolstering—the universities, Baffi School of Fine Arts and the National Theatre School are not enough

Phoenix Theatre's *Hamlet* was a case in point: clearly thought out and masterfully staged, the production faltered not through any lack of talent on the part of John Evans as Hamlet, on the contrary, his interpretation was passionate and the confrontation with Gertrude brilliant. He and several of the supporting cast often lacked the technique to handle the text adequately. This problem, supposedly native to North America, was squarely addressed by the U.S.-based Shakespeare Company's *Twelfth Night*, but although their every vowel was purr-shaped, the production had no guiding vision. Very few Canadian companies concentrate on the actor the way England's Triple Action Theatre does their mind-boggling interpretation of *As You Like It*—driven down the performers' physical resources to the limit, unlocking an inner energy that galvanizes their bodies into sculpted incarnations of the wryest word. Only *Moulin* (Teatro's Artist's Lab) revealed this kind of potential with the magnificent Ariane Fréchette as a mad Ariane Ariadne.

The key word here is "potential." When the bottom line is drawn, for all their technical expertise, the vaunted foreign companies such as Shared Experience ingeniously presented tight, polished entertainments often verging on the banal. Whatever their shortcomings— inadequate generation, lack of objectives, repetitive playing, no attempt to audience involvement, attention paid to the fundamental necessity of providing entertainment—the Canadian companies presented possibly the most engaging and profound theatre at the festival. There were more gripping moments of theatre magic, more flashes of genuine comedy in *Augmented Anna*'s *Shadowbox Mus*, *Tarragon Theatre's* *Gyroscope* or *Factory Theatre's* *Cold Comfort* than in most other festival offerings. It may be necessary (and financially sound) for these theatres to copy or adapt audiences into fighting the thought to get to the gold, but the gold is there. Outside the gleaming focus of the media eye, new prospects for recovery should be explored immediately.

—MATE CHAMBERLAIN

Monument with a moral message

SAINt JOAN

By George Bernard Shaw
Directed by Christopher Neame

In his second year at the Shaw Festival, Artistic Director Christopher Neame is avishly pursuing his successful policy of prodding this most timid of festivals into turning out substantial theatrical fare instead of far-



McLellan, the humor is almost invisible

cial dudge. However, his proposed series of *Saint Joan* (never before produced in Canada) looks like a losing game with a guide from *Look Who's Talking* and notes by *20-minute*, aplique, proved too revolutionary for the administrators of Shaw's literary stable, who demanded that Neame makes the epilogue or forfeit rights to the play. Neame, who has sounded off publicly about the silencing of artistic expression in the authoritarian '80s, was thoroughly miffed but gave in, effectively staging the epilogue with the cast reading the text from memory.

The dispute highlights the problems with his most laudable, honey-handled interpretation Shaw wrote in his preface to *Saint Joan* that without the epilogue the play is only "a sentimental comedy for a girl who has been ill-treated." This conduct is more commendable than necessary. Constance Farsetti's starkly dramatic and strategically dangled costumes transform the dauphin's court into a bawdily motley tapestry. Despite vibrant performances by David Hendon as Coquelin and Robert Beeson as Warwick, the male characters are generally flat and static; a much too pointed contrast, Nira McLellan's Joan is plump, cheery and impulsive, a presentist spin in the cause of individual freedom masked by guffawish merriment and ignorance. The Neame Shaw constantly employed to make his deeply felt opinions more palatable is almost invisible here except, ironically, in the grandly restored epilogue, a lightly mocking reminder of what the rest of this production silly lacks.

—MC

Cutting the dance short

Canadians lost their invitations to a fascist dance last week

Only his lastly sprung nature prevented rv dancer Norman Campbell from slumping in his armchair as he sat watching a rehearsal for last week's *Canadian Dance Spectacular* in Ottawa's National Arts Centre. Campbell, a two-time Emmy Award winner, had labored feverishly figuring out camera angles and lighting for the five-two-hour '80 program which was to be broadcast Saturday night across Canada. The gala would consist of one work by each of the eight participating companies (performed by a total of 100 dancers), representing every dance tradition, from the absurdly perched drams of *Le Groupe de la Place Royale* to the minimalist pocket of the Na-

gate the incombustible challenge of winning such an event, the opening performance on Thursday was virtually flawless. The dancers were well-rehearsed and eager to prove themselves. The only faulting with the committed trio hounds and other acrobatic performances choice of the companies. The hallmark some of the National Ballet's *Romeo and Juliet*, with its opulent black-and-gold costumes, was only a preeeup of the company's strength. *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens'* *Brigadoon*'s *Reel* wavered uncertainly between a country ho-

David La Hay and Ansante ay Paul of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens coming of age, even without the costumes



tional Ballet. Then, disconcertingly, Campbell received word that his months of glossing would have to go down the drain because of the current U.S. technical strike.

Despite the cancellation, the show, heavily funded by government and produced by the Canadian Association of Professional Dance Organizations, soldiered on for three consecutive nights. Campbell's television extravaganza had been intended to announce the coming of age of dance in Canada, spreading the word to countless Canadian settings at home. *Barrie Tanner's Schrecksch of the National Ballet*. "This is the first time something like this has been put together and it won't happen again for a long time."

The wrenching tragedy was that de-

down, Scottish reel and classical pas de deux. The works of the modern neophytes—*Angela Wyman Dance Theatre*, *Le Groupe de la Place Royale*, *Winnipeg's Contemporary Dancers* and *the Dancers' Group*—showed aussy insensitivity for the strength and flow of traditional dance form. Balancing this was the *Toronto Dance Theatre* with the clean lines of *Baroque Suite* and the *Royal Winnipeg Ballet's* vibrant and exuberant *Re:Wing*, perhaps the best-suited for the show's format. Yet the bowdlerizing diversity was also unquestionably a strength. No one taking part in the classiest strands could deny that after years of hard struggling, Canadian dance was at last confident and united in its sense of purpose.

—JEAN ATLE

Down for the count

Prying questions are bad enough, but civil servants swearing on the phone?

By Allan Fotheringham

Two nice ladies appeared at my door the other night. They informed me that I was one of the lucky ones, because the 1981 census envelope they handed over was one of the big ones that random householders are given. It is apparently considered too to be asked by your government to give out more personal information than your neighbours. I've looked over the census form and noted the usual: "Legal Requirements.—The status of Canada is taken under the authority of the Statistics Act, which requires everyone to provide the information requested." I'm going to fill in some of the blanks. And in some of the others I'm going to tell the government, it's none of its business.

I'll tell you why. Eight years ago, I received a warm letter from someone I'd never met, the celebrated Sylvia Ostry, then head of Statistics Canada and the highest-ranking female mandarin in Ottawa. It informed me that I, in my complete bafflement, had been chosen to be an integral part of a "very important survey of Highly Qualified Mandarins" on behalf of the Ministry of State for Science and Technology. This rather amazed me, since the last attachment I've had is a letter from the same person, dated and to catch more paper slacked from the university, bemoaning all on our Saturday night revue, might beat the cost of Segway V.O. If the government considered columnists Highly Qualified Mandarins, I thought, then it was in worse shape than I'd imagined.

Sure enough, a week later there arrived a bundle, large enough to give a cowboy a hunch. It was accompanied by a warm letter from Averil Powers, secretary to the minister of state for science and technology. It was asking me to wade through some 80 questionnaires, including such as "37. Do you (and/or your spouse) have any children?" and asking me what my sex was. Not how it was, but what it was. Enough paper junk crossed my desk in a day to overflow a landfill site alone. Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southern News*.

on Alexander Haig's heart and I threw the thing away, mentioning in my notes that if a government didn't know whether Allan Fotheringham was male or female, I certainly wasn't going to help them.

A strange thing happened. Two months later, I received an anonymous phone call from a civil servant—calling me at home on a Sunday night. He demanded to know why the census from Ottawa had not been obeyed.

Where was my survey? I told him to do it in his hat and we parted, not

wow "in a civil voice" (I'm known among friends as a hulking violet). In late my phone, in my house, in my evening, he shouted "Ha ha ha!" when I attempted to reason with him. There were no questions of "intrinsic sexual details" on the survey, he said, and, anxious, "I doubt whether you're capable of it" (My secretary looked dead away at this news.) Mr. Prokes, my civil servant, grew quite threatening, promising to "pursue this matter through Ottawa." I told him to do it in his hat and we parted, not friends.

Now there is an interesting matter here. At that time, I was required to have an unlisted phone number, since the warhats and yaks of the Social Credit movement liked to phone and offer to amanuensis my dog and other such intellectually stimulating suggestions. How could Mr. Prokes and his buddies find an unlisted phone number? On investigation, I found the link. On my income tax form—which also preserves the same complete confidentiality you are promised on your census form—I had naively listed my home number as requested. The Statistics Canada, no doubt in a panic, retrieved my unlisted

number from the income tax people who promised to keep it—and who did.

And my name on the unassuming Sylvia Ostry who insisted to appear in a photo with me. I had not told the Press secretary before an appearance of civil servants, embarrassing her to death. We're pals now and we'll have a fancy lunch the next time I'm in the vicinity of her now Paris studio, but that's not the point. I've seldom received so much response from any column as from similarly concerned readers after I detailed Mr. Prokes's amazing vocabulary. The man who got collect telegrams from StatsCan because he refused to complete the survey. The woman who was killed over the phone because her husband was out of town and she couldn't do the form herself.

I don't like civil servants, who work for me the taxpayer, bothering me on my weekends and evenings. If he wants to write at me, he can do it in business hours. I don't trust my government anymore.



lost and now re-enumerating my Sunday evenings, while I finally spent reading *The Canadian Who's Who*. Her Grace estimates the chap's experience with the form, warning me of a name that specifies \$800 in the brackets in just five filling in this somewhat survey.

By this time, the survey had become a joke—or as I thought. Other people who had received it were writing me, including a ladies in a North Vancouver rock gang, who became a fixture here for a day with his mates when he revealed evidence that Ottawa regarded him as Highly Qualified Mandarins. I mentioned all this on another light-hearted newspaper column, saying that I was born with the government's hotwater on me as my mother with inquiries about my ultimate sexual and salary details. That night, the phone rang at home. It was a Mr. Prokes a supervisor for Statistics Canada. He was abusive, swearing and issuing threats. Among the accusations was that my non-answers on the weekend

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